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THE SOUNDEST, most outspoken, and most realistic statement of international policy by any leading nation in the present crisis has come, of all places, from the Grand Council of Fascism. The council has put Italy on record with five demands: (1) complete renunciation of reparations and cancelation of war debts; (2) the modification or abolition of oppressive customs barriers; (3) the remedying of conditions in the Danubian and Balkan states; (4) the revision of the peace treaties that are creating the present unrest and may provoke future war; (5) an end to too frequent international conferences. Whether Italian Fascism's concrete future policies will resolutely support these demands remains to be seen, but it is at least to be congratulated upon the clarity and courage of its statement of aims. Unfortunately, the two nations upon which the world must chiefly depend for putting these policies into effect are France and the United States. Mr. Hoover has so far studiously avoided the discussion of any fundamental solution, and is anxiously wondering, instead, how much the government could save if it suspended sick-leave benefits for federal employees when such leaves exceed two weeks.

SECRETARY MILLS'S COMMENTS on the House revenue bill, before the Senate Finance Committee, were moderate in tone and well reasoned. On nearly every minor issue his criticisms seem justified. This applies to his

objections to compelling corporations to pay higher income-tax rates for the privilege of making a unified report; to his criticisms of the concealed double tax involved in discontinuing the exemption of dividends from normal tax; and to his objection to the complete doing away with the privilege which enabled a corporation before paying taxes to deduct a net loss in the preceding year from a net profit in the current year. While we approve of taxes on stock transactions much higher than those now in effect, and while the new rate incorporated in the House bill would not seem to us excessive in more normal times, we believe that serious consideration should be given to Secretary Mills's objection that it would be harmful to impose such a drastic increase in this tax in the present disorganized state of the security markets. On major issues, however, Mr. Mills's protests seem less convincing. This applies particularly to his strong objections to the very moderate increase in the corporation income tax from 12 to 13½ per cent. Though we recognize the double taxation technically involved, we do not think it would be particularly harmful to raise this rate to as high as 15 per cent. Weight should certainly be given to the Secretary's objection that the higher inheritance taxes may lead to the sacrifice of capital values and the disruption of business; but the conclusion to be drawn from this is not necessarily that the rates should be lowered; much may be done by more care in drawing up administrative provisions.

CANDIDATE ROOSEVELT, to his credit be it said, has spoken on the tariff. He stated in his nation-wide radio talk on April 7 that it is time "to provide a tariff policy based upon economic sense rather than upon politics, hot air, and pull." He placed upon the United States the odium of compelling "the world to build tariff fences so high that the world trade is decreasing to the vanishing-point." He pointed out that there can be no international trade if nations cannot pay each other by exchanging their own goods or raw materials, and he had this to suggest:

What we must do is this—to revise our tariff on the basis of a reciprocal exchange of goods, allowing other nations to buy and pay for our goods by sending us such of their goods as will not seriously throw any of our industries out of balance, and incidentally making impossible in this country the continuance of pure monopolies which cause us to pay excessive prices for many of the necessities of life.

This is hopeful—but only hopeful. It does not place the Governor in the historic Democratic position of "a tariff for revenue only," and he enunciates something impossible when he tries to limit importations so as not to "seriously throw" any industries out of balance. If the Governor will go farther and take a radical position against import duties he will find he has got hold of an issue that will really arouse public support. But pussyfooting will get him nowhere. Nor will it avail much merely to castigate the "shallow thinkers" in the Hoover Administration who "have totally failed to plan ahead in a comprehensive way." Has Mr. Roosevelt any adequate and specific plans? If so, what are they?

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY has been passing its charity bills on to the telephone users. In the last three years it has donated \$233,000 to charity and charged this amount to operating expenses. Benjamin Young, accountant for the company, has admitted, according to Paul Blanshard, executive director of the City Affairs Committee, that "his company's contributions to charity have been used as a part of operating expenses in rate exhibits." This means, Blanshard added, in attacking the practice before a meeting of the telephone company's stockholders, "that the consumers are asked to pay for these contributions in higher rates." Blanshard introduced a resolution at the meeting calling upon the corporation to charge charitable donations hereafter to surplus. His resolution was referred to the board of directors. Blanshard particularly criticized Walter S. Gifford, president of the company and chairman of President Hoover's Committee on Unemployment Relief, declaring that "Mr. Gifford is in an absolutely indefensible position as head of a telephone system which foists its charity bills upon the consumers." In a letter to *The Nation* Blanshard declared: "When I made the resolution I was permitted to discuss it, but Mr. Gifford blandly informed me that whatever action the stockholders took, the directors always managed the company. This 'industrial democracy' in practice gives the stockholders no control over company policy except through the election of a new board of directors."

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF funds are everywhere running low. The latest community to report that unemployment relief must be discontinued unless financial assistance is immediately forthcoming is New York City. In that metropolis a shortage of funds would present a truly grave situation because of the immensity and complexity of the problem of feeding and clothing nearly a million needy persons. Frank J. Taylor, Commissioner of Public Welfare, declared in a letter to Mayor Walker that it was the opinion of municipal and private agencies that "unless the city can provide the money required to continue and supplement the work of these agencies, hundreds of thousands of people dwelling in the city of New York will be faced with starvation during the summer and fall of this year." Never in the history of the city, his letter continued, "has there been so much poverty and misery appealing for public aid. Never have so many families reached the end of their resources. Never have so many been threatened with eviction, illness through lack of nourishment, and even starvation as at the present time." The city and the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee have raised and now all but spent the sum of \$30,500,000 in this work. According to Mr. Taylor, another \$20,000,000 must be available before June 1, and even this fund, he added, must not be expected to last beyond November. And there are scores of other communities throughout the country that are today in an equally unfortunate plight.

WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE of the latest French attack on the dollar? When a similar campaign was at its height last fall Premier Laval, during his visit to Washington, agreed with President Hoover that the gold standard should be protected in both the United States and France. The attack on the dollar ceased immediately

upon publication of the Hoover-Laval agreement. But by way of a *quid pro quo* M. Laval obtained from Mr. Hoover a promise that the United States thereafter would leave the initiative in the reparations question to Europe. Now the subversive campaign against our currency has been resumed. A section of the Paris press has taken to publishing lengthy articles purporting to reveal the weakness of the American financial and industrial structure. Nor has the drive stopped there. The Paris *Ordre*, organ of the industrialists, printed the false statement that the National City Bank of New York had suspended payments. The attack on the dollar is no sporadic affair; it has all the earmarks of being prearranged and well organized. It is inconceivable that the French believe they can profit by forcing the United States off the gold standard, if that is their aim, for such action would hurt France no less than us. President Hoover will not have the free hand in arranging a new debt settlement that he had last summer in declaring a moratorium. Congress will insist upon exercising its rightful authority in this connection, and the attack on the dollar has not served to check the present anti-European sentiment of Congress.

SECRETARY STIMSON has left for Europe to attend the sessions of the Disarmament Conference in Geneva. Mr. Hoover has explained that "there will be no discussion or negotiation by the Secretary on the debt question" while he is abroad. Perhaps so. But everywhere Mr. Stimson goes, and he is planning to visit a number of countries, he will come into contact with government officials who are looking with anxiety toward June 30, when the Hoover moratorium expires. How he is to avoid at least informal discussion of this urgent question is difficult to see. The new German budget makes no provision for resumption of reparations payments. The government leaders in France are suggesting that their country will take a more lenient attitude toward Germany on reparations—though their hints may be intended only for domestic consumption in view of the coming election. From Berlin comes the report, not yet confirmed, that the European Powers already have agreed to suspend reparation payments. If this is true, the Powers very likely would at the same time repudiate their obligations to the United States. No one knows better than President Hoover and Secretary Stimson that the attitude of Congress on the debt question has not changed. And although it is generally expected that debt payments will not be resumed, these two gentlemen are equally well aware of what a terrific blow it would be for American economy were the European Powers directly and without any preliminary formalities to announce that they were repudiating their debts. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Stimson will not concern himself with the debt question during his stay in Europe.

WITH AUSTRIA ACTUALLY, if not yet formally, bankrupt, and with Hungary literally breaking down in full view of a still apathetic Europe, the four leading Powers of Europe have confessed their inability to agree upon a plan to save the Danube countries. The refusal to make the necessary national sacrifices and the old French game of blocking Germany wherever possible have wrecked the London conference. Nothing else is to blame for the failure to reach an agreement. In *The Nation* for March 16 we spoke

of the political dangers hidden in the French plan for erecting a Danubian tariff bloc, and have since suggested that, unless the Powers were found willing to sacrifice some part of their political aspirations to the common good of Europe, the effort to begin the reconstruction of Europe in the Danube valley was doomed to failure. But more than the reconstruction of Europe is at stake in their negotiations; the present political system itself is hanging in the balance. Informed opinion in London holds that the bankruptcy of Austria is now inevitable, while the situation in Hungary is unquestionably ominous. The strike of the printers and other workers in Budapest was called off by the Socialists only because they saw it taking on revolutionary proportions. The Budapest disturbances should serve as a warning to the nationalists in France and elsewhere who insist upon maintaining the status quo without regard to the price Europe may have to pay.

FROM ALABAMA comes the news that the State Supreme Court overruled an application for rehearing the appeals of the seven Negro boys convicted of rape and sentenced to electrocution on May 13. This, of course, is a not unexpected step in the progress of the case. The next step, which is being made at once, is the application for a stay of execution followed by an appeal for a writ of certiorari which will take the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is encouraging to know that in the appeal to the court of last resort Walter H. Pollak of New York, one of the most able and distinguished members of the bar, will associate himself with the case. Meanwhile the boys, all of them under twenty-one years of age, have been for a year in the death house at Montgomery. The Alabama courts have denied them the opportunity for a new trial, although there is ample evidence that public sentiment at their original trial was such as to influence the jury. Alabama, in short, no longer troubles itself with the unpleasant features provided by an old-time lynching; but the result for seven young Negroes accused of rape on the unsupported testimony of a white woman of highly questionable reputation will, unless the federal Supreme Court intervenes, be substantially the same.

THE BALTIMORE *SUN*, on March 20, published an editorial regretting the decision of the Maryland grand jury which investigated the Salisbury lynching case, and said: "The State of Maryland [because of the grand jury's failure to act] stands helpless with the disgrace written across its name." In addition to this admirable statement, which fully upheld the *Sun's* traditions of liberalism, the editorial went on to demand a State-wide anti-lynching law, "under which the State authorities could move swiftly and surely to investigate and to punish such outbreaks, regardless of the action of county officials." An excellent series of protests against this lynching was published also by the Baltimore *Post*. The *Sun's* suggestion for a State law is an excellent one; such a law, before the even more desirable federal anti-lynching legislation is enacted, would greatly stimulate the lethargy of counties wherein a lynching grand jury refused to indict. We are glad to repeat the *Sun's* proposal for its own sake and as a rebuttal of our erroneous charge, in *The Nation* for April 6, that the *Sun* had made no comment on the Salisbury grand jury's report.

FIFTEEN YEARS after we entered the World War official Washington celebrated the anniversary with a military demonstration in which 30,000 troops took part. Senator Norris protested and was not moved by the pretense that the parade had something to do with the George Washington Bicentennial. For ourselves we rather liked the parade—it gave the lie so clearly to the Great Hypocrisy that we won the war to end war; it emphasized so plainly how thoroughly we have become militarized since we went to war to punish Germany for being so militarized. For the thoughtful, too, it enforced the lesson of the terrible misfortune to the United States our entry into the World War has been. We now have nearly \$17,000,000,000 of debt due entirely to our participation in the war; our debt service is more than \$1,000,000,000 a year. We are expending more than \$1,000,000,000 for the Veterans' Bureau. We have millions of unemployed, most of whom would be at work had we not gone to war. Our army and navy have a stranglehold on Congress and the government, and have successfully defied all efforts radically to reduce their expenses. Leaders in Congress declare that we are bankrupt. We have earned the hostility of Europe. The only people who speak well of us in Europe are the Germans we fought. All this is what we have harvested for our 50,000 dead. Oh, how wise and farsighted we were to go into that war!

MR. FRANCIS P. GARVAN, best known as alien-property custodian and now president of the Chemical Foundation, has ideas on the subject of professorial salaries which he has been pleased to print in the *Yale News*. Instead of subscribing to a fund that would keep the underpaid Yale professors on salaries which do not pay the living expenses of a cultivated man who happens to have a wife and two or three children, he proposes that the university reduce the already insufficient salaries by 25 per cent. He even thinks that an extremely interesting and illuminating book by Professor Yandell Henderson on the subject was worthless "to we men out in the world." We are inclined to admit that if Mr. Garvan learned his declensions at Yale, his contention as to the value of his professors in that particular subject may be correct; but one piece of bad English is really not sufficient evidence upon which to sentence the Yale faculty to still further privations. One wonders whether as a matter of fact the members of the Yale faculty do not contribute to the common good as much as Mr. Garvan and, if they do, what logic can justify the cut in the Yale salaries while Mr. Garvan reports to the "Social Register" that he is a member of the University Club, the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Riding Club, the Nassau Country Club, the Creek Club, the Links Club, the Piping Rock Club, the Rockaway Hunting Club, the Meadow Brook Club, the Metropolitan Club of Washington, and one or two others, with a home at Roslyn, Long Island, and according to the New York Telephone Directory of 1932 a New York City residence also. Just what has Mr. Francis P. Garvan done or what is he doing to justify society in contributing so handsomely to his club and domestic life? It might really be better for the future of American civilization and culture if Mr. Garvan and his like belonged to fewer clubs and had fewer residences, provided that at the same time the members of the Yale and other faculties participated more largely in the amenities of existence.

Saving Our National Honor

THIS is what the House of Representatives did on April 4, when, by an overwhelming vote of 306 to 47, it put through the Hare bill to grant complete independence to the Philippines eight years after the inauguration of a Philippine Government. From the inception of our Philippine adventure the United States pledged its solemn word, its national honor, to bestow freedom and independence upon the people it conquered by brute force between 1899 and 1900. We believe we are correct in saying that every President since then has in one way or another reaffirmed our pledge, sometimes with tongue in cheek, all, save Woodrow Wilson, who earnestly labored to free the islands, repeating at the same time the parrot phrase that independence would come when the Filipinos, in our judgment, were ready for it. We are well aware that the motives of the 306 who voted independence to the Philippines were by no means all altruistic, that the majority were most concerned in protecting certain favored industries from the growing Philippine competition; we have not forgotten the sugar interests whose powerful lobby desires freedom for the Philippines so that the American beet-sugar growers and the Southern cane growers may compete on a favored basis against Philippine sugar; we are cognizant also of the large part the existing industrial depression has played in converting Congress to speedy action. But we are none the less grateful that the right step has now been taken.

The action of the House is yet to be confirmed by the Senate; but passage of the act seems assured there also, after some compromises and a lengthening of the time the Philippines are still to remain under our tutelage. Of course, there were protests at once from militarists, imperialists, all our advocates of the white man's burden. Their chief spokesman was the Secretary of State. Mr. Stimson was at his worst, and that means a good deal. The Philippine Islands, so he wrote to Senator Bingham, are a "physical base for American influence—political, economic, and social—in the Far East. There we demonstrate before the eyes of all Far Eastern people, and of all governments who exercise authority or influence in the Far East, American ideas, ideals, and methods." He felt that our "abandonment" of these wards "would be a demonstration of selfish cowardice and futility" on our part. "No matter under what verbal professions the act of withdrawal were clothed . . . such a change would be an irreparable blow to American influence." It would profoundly disturb the "new political equilibrium [so well illustrated in Manchuria and Shanghai!] throughout the area of the Western Pacific and Eastern Asia." Finally, he declared that "agitation of a change in the status of the Philippine Islands at this moment can only inflame most dangerous possibilities." As an ex-Governor General of the Philippines his is the "sincere conviction" that, given patient effort by the United States, "a solution of the Philippine problem could ultimately be achieved, with the full consent of the Filipino people, which would not only satisfy their aspirations for self-government, but honorably and justly safeguard the interests of the United States both at home and in the Far East."

If we withdraw American guidance and the free markets of the United States he declares it to be the "almost unanimous consensus of all responsible observers that economic chaos and political and social anarchy" will result, "followed ultimately by domination of the Philippines by some foreign Power, *probably either China or Japan*" (italics ours). There you have diplomacy and tactful statesmanship with a vengeance. At the moment when, as he says, our relations with the Far East are exceedingly difficult and dangerous, he goes out of his way to accuse China and Japan of wishing to gobble up the Philippine Islands. There is, of course, not one word in this counsel of despair that has not been voiced the world over whenever a subjugated, and especially a colored, population has sought to stand on its own feet. Your overseas administrator of the white-man's-burden type never can see the time when his wards are fit for self-government. Their ways of life are different; their culture and their point of view at an opposite pole; their standards of government and personal morality low; and so the white man is always sure that the time for the exploited to walk alone is just fifty or one hundred years away. Mr. Stimson, of course, has forgotten Abraham Lincoln's saying that "no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent"; he looks upon our promises as not being sacred obligations, but as only something to be lived up to if and when in our judgment the Filipinos are ready for self-government, and if the change will not influence any policies that our State Department may be embarked upon at the moment. Like all Americans he assumes—in the face of overwhelming facts to the contrary—that our government, in contrast to the government inevitably to be set up by the newly freed race, is efficient, honest, economical, free from all graft and misgovernment.

More than that, it does not occur to him that this country should not thus be mixing into Far Eastern affairs; that he is talking the language of a diplomacy which ruined itself and pretty nearly the whole world in 1914; that it is the duty of the statesman in these circumstances to find a way out, but above all else, to honor the Filipinos' desire and their human right "to seek their own way of life." Whether that way of life is ours or not, whether it is good or bad, for better or for worse, is not our business. If, however, Mr. Stimson wished to make a great contribution to the safety and peace of the world he would immediately initiate the neutralization of the Philippines—dispatches from Tokio say that Japan would heartily co-operate in this plan. The advancement of the principle that other countries besides Switzerland may officially or unofficially be neutralized would be of enormous benefit to the world at large. But the imperialists and the militarists want nothing of the kind. They want holdings abroad to justify fleets, and overseas bases, and garrisons, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of "being a world Power." There never was a moment when this sort of thing was in worse taste, for the simple fact is that every one of the great imperialistic Powers is today struggling in deep waters, and most of them have long since been morally bankrupt.

Hitler Versus Prussia

ADOLF HITLER, to the immense relief of the rest of Europe, failed in his effort to win the German Presidency. In the run-off election held April 10 President Hindenburg, as was to have been expected, received not only the necessary plurality of the votes cast, but a clear majority of 2,235,794. The long-suffering but patient republicans of Germany have triumphed again. We wish we could say that their patience has now been permanently rewarded. But the defeat of Hitler does not mean that the threat of Hitlerism has been averted, that Germany is now insured forever against fascist rule or a fascist *Putsch*. It must be stated again that until there is some semblance of economic recovery in Germany, until its people once more begin to feel secure, there will remain a constant danger of trouble from the right or the left. There are millions of Germans who today feel they have nothing left to live for, and who therefore would hardly hesitate to tear down existing institutions in the vague hope that a better order would somehow or other take their place. It is upon this feeling that Hitlerism has been feeding. And Hitlerism continues to grow—as witness the increase of more than 2,000,000 in the Hitler vote over that of March 13, in spite of the fact that only the Hindenburg speakers were allowed to use the radio in the campaign, and despite the action of the Bavarian authorities in suppressing the two meetings in Munich at which Adolf Hitler was to have wound up his campaign.

A more pertinent test of fascist political strength will come on April 24, when Prussia is to elect its new Diet. It may be that Hitler actually believed he could win the Presidency of the republic. But the more realistic of his followers, as well as many neutral observers, saw the heat and oratory of the national campaign merely as an important prelude to the Prussian elections. If the National Socialists can win a sufficient number of seats in the Diet to give them one or more portfolios in the Prussian government, they will undoubtedly insist upon having the Ministry of the Interior. That would give them control of the Prussian police, and the significance of this control may be seen from the fact that Prussia has two-thirds of the territory and three-fourths of the population of Germany. In short, the fascists would then come close to being the real rulers of Germany. It is hardly to be imagined that with his authority thus directly challenged Chancellor Brüning would remain in office. His resignation would almost automatically necessitate new Reichstag elections—unless President Hindenburg were willing to invite the National Socialists into the federal government, which does not seem at all likely. Thus it appears that the Prussian Ministry of the Interior rather than the German Presidency has all along been the primary objective of the Hitlerites.

The fascists admittedly have a much better chance of gaining their point in the Prussian campaign than they had in the Presidential election. First, they will not have to contend with the tremendous personal popularity of Hindenburg. Second, the republican parties will not be united as they were in the Presidential campaign, but will each put forward candidates. Third, the Hitlerites need not win a

majority of the seats, but only enough to prevent the Social-Democratic-Catholic coalition from holding its present majority. Should the fascists take 35 per cent of the seats, as many disinterested political students believe they will, they will almost certainly have reached their goal. It appears probable, judging by the results of March 13, that the Communists will have 15 per cent or more of the seats in the Diet, which will make it impossible to form a majority government without including one or the other of these extremist parties. In such event the chances are that all the parties to the right of the Social Democrats, in other words, the non-Marxian parties, including the Hitlerites, would attempt to set up a conservative, right-wing government. And this could only mean that the fascists would get what they want—control of the Prussian police. It is, of course, by no means certain that the Socialist-Catholic combination will be upset. The republican leaders have demonstrated that they are shrewder in politics than the extremists, and they may very well again carry the day for moderation and the present republic.

Free Speech at Columbia

LAST week we commented briefly upon the expulsion from Columbia University of Reed Harris, editor of the daily *Spectator*. Since then the storm of protest has grown to unexpected proportions both in the university itself and in the daily press. On April 6 about 65 per cent of the students are said to have participated in the one-day strike of protest, and a few members of the teaching staff—all honor to them!—openly expressed their sympathy with the strikers. President Butler has taken a stand behind Dean Hawkes, upon whom responsibility directly rests, but it seems to be generally recognized by the faculty that a hideous blunder was made, and one professor, at least, privately expressed the opinion that an "irreparable damage had been done to the reputation of Columbia University."

With this opinion we fully agree, and the damage is done whether Mr. Harris himself was guilty or innocent of any misconduct. Dean Hawkes, of course, stresses his contention that Harris had made unsubstantiated charges against the management of the student dining-hall, but that has nothing whatever to do with the case. The fact remains that no effort was made to prove his guilt and that the expulsion was effected by the authority of one man without the formality of a hearing before even a faculty committee. If Mr. Harris can be dismissed in such a manner, even for due cause, then there is no reason why another might not be dismissed, in exactly the same way, for no crime beyond disagreement with the Dean. The integrity of one man is not sufficient guaranty of that liberty of expression which President Butler has so often declared to be a distinguishing feature of life in the university of which he is the head.

Nor is it, indeed, hard to understand why Mr. Harris's defenders should cherish the suspicion that the alleged cause for his dismissal was not, in fact, the only cause. He had repeatedly attacked certain sacred institutions of the college, particularly the athletic oligarchy, and had raised powerful enemies among officers and alumni whose attitude gave every reason to suppose that they were only waiting for an oppor-

tunity to take their revenge. He had, for example, charged that desirable athletes were subsidized, and to this charge he had received only two replies—first, the flat refusal of the powerful Athletic Council to permit that examination of their books which would have proved or disproved his charge, and, second, the open threat from one member of the football team to “beat him up” if the attacks were repeated.

The university authorities took no cognizance of his charges, and tacitly sided with the Athletic Council in its defiance of public and student opinion. Under the circumstances the Dean certainly owed it to himself as well as to the university to use the greatest circumspection in dealing with any other offense which Mr. Harris might be alleged to have committed. But circumspection is the last thing that is evident. The man who was known to have made powerful and not too scrupulous enemies was dismissed without even the pretense of a trial, and it is natural that the issue should be drawn, as by now it has been drawn, between the liberal intellectual element and the conservative rah-rah boys. Whatever may have originally been involved, it is evident to anyone who will mingle with the students that the issue at present is between those who stand for some semblance at least of a liberal proceeding and those who, like the athlete who spoke at the mass-meeting, are content to say that a rational student interest in student affairs is “a lot of bull.” As Heywood Broun remarked, the day of the strike saw the Phi Beta Kappa members staying away from their lectures while the members of the football squad determinedly fought their way into the calculus class. And surely the authorities of the university must be distressed to find that they are on the side of the least serious, the least intellectual, and the least articulate of the student body.

Just a few weeks ago we published in our columns a highly laudatory review of a book by President Butler. In that review the critic expressed the opinion that the author was sincere in his profession of liberal principles and that he had actually undergone a change of heart since those war days when he violated the principles which he has since so insistently preached. With this opinion we were ourselves inclined to agree, and in fairness it must be said that during the last ten years Columbia's record has been conspicuously clean. But critics now have a right to say that its liberalism failed in the first test which, so far as the general public knows, it was compelled to meet. Is it possible that, after all, President Butler is still only a fair-weather liberal and a peace-time pacifist?

We believe that he honestly desires a better reputation. We even suspect that he is personally distressed by the incident at present under discussion. But if so, we wonder what effort he will make to correct the impression which it has certainly made. The very least that he can reasonably do is to take some steps to revise the regulations of the university in such a way that in the future it will be impossible for any student to be dismissed in this purely arbitrary fashion, and we respectfully recommend to his attention the disciplinary organization now operating in the German universities, which provides for a formal trial before five professors, with counsel for the defense, and an appeal to a higher tribunal. Certainly the student in a liberal university has a right at least to those safeguards accorded even a private soldier in every army of the civilized world.

Aboriginal Courtship

NOW and then, when something important for white persons is at stake, we are reminded that the American Indian is, of course, a primitive person, capable no doubt of picturesque ceremonial, but thoroughly unable to understand white civilization and therefore one who is to be “educated” as far as possible in “Americanism.” The Smithsonian Institution has lately published a pamphlet called “The Narrative of a Southern Cheyenne Woman,” the first-hand account of an Indian woman's education, which raises some doubts as to the accuracy of this point of view.

After relating that she was taught to ride horseback when she was four years old, and that “ever since I can remember I had a bed of my own in my parents' tipi,” Mack Haag, telling her own story, proceeds to the account of her education. “My mother would always tell me that the main purpose of her teaching me”—the little Cheyenne girl learned cooking, tanning hides, decorating leather, and all the arts proper for a high-born Indian maiden—“as well as the object of my owning my own bed, was to keep me at home, and to keep me from being away to spend my nights with my girl chum.” (Has any little superior white child ever heard the like?) But the real business of a female Cheyenne was preparation for courtship. In this Mack Haag was instructed by her aunt as follows:

I hear you are beginning to have admirers. Your father and mother have reared you with great care. Your father especially has seen to it that you have had good things to wear such as other girls of your age do not have. And your mother has taught you with great patience the art of things that each woman is supposed to know so that she might make a good and successful wife. As you go through life all these things and what I am now telling you will be of great benefit to you. . . . It is silly to exchange too many glances and smiles with this young man, especially in the presence of people. He will think you are too easy and immoral. When he comes to see you at night you must never run away from him. If you do so this indicates that you are silly and not sufficiently taught and educated to respect the attentions of a suitor. You must never consent to marry your suitor the first time he asks you . . . no matter how good-looking he may be. . . . And if he really thinks anything of you he will not be discouraged, but will continue his visits and come to see you. . . .

This, remember, is the advice to a young girl given by an Indian woman completely unversant with the amenities of Victorian morality, but versed in a much older wisdom, the ancient wisdom of all races. One might say that the only way in which it differs from advice given to probably millions of white young ladies is that the young Indian maiden appeared to take it seriously. “After I had reached the age of young womanhood,” she says, “I was not single very much longer.” A suitor came, was accepted by her parents, and therefore by herself; she bore him eight children, and mourned him sincerely when he died. But of course these are savages. They understand, as we have already indicated, nothing of the niceties of a white culture. They need to be educated so that they can fully appreciate the motion picture, the tabloid newspaper, and the evening radio hour.

Bloody Williamson Is Hungry

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Benton, Illinois, April 1

BLOODY Williamson is no longer quite so hard-boiled as it was a few years back, for at the moment it has something else to think about. Today it is hungry, and this condition does not affect the miners alone, but extends to every class in this potentially wealthy region. Until yesterday more than half the miners in the area were out of work. Today, April 1, began the shutdown of all the pits in southern Illinois. Whatever the opinion of Governor Louis L. Emmerson may be, I found that, even with some of the mines working, there has been actual starvation here—entire communities unemployed and without organized relief. What the immediate future holds in store, with all the mines closed, seems too horrible to contemplate.

By Bloody Williamson I mean not only Williamson County to the south, but also Franklin County, of which Benton is the seat. In these two counties lies the richest coal field in the United States. Here the bituminous industry has been better organized and conducted along more modern lines than elsewhere in the country. Not far from Benton is one of the Orient mines, the largest in the world, and operated scientifically and with utmost efficiency. Other pits in the area have been mechanized and are now being run to a considerable extent by electricity—to the disadvantage of thousands of pick-and-shovel miners. Some years ago the miners in the Bloody Williamson country were well paid; they owned their own homes for the most part, could afford to buy silk shirts, and ride in handsome, if not luxurious, automobiles. There have never been more than a few company "patches" and never any closed towns in this district; the squalor of the Kentucky, West Virginia, and Ohio-Pennsylvania fields has been and still is noticeably absent. A decade ago, and, indeed, until recently, the miners of southern Illinois were living in relatively comfortable circumstances. Not without labor troubles and violence, of course, for that is how Bloody Williamson got its name. But the Virden and West Frankfort riots, the Herrin massacre, the murderous Ku Klux Klan reforming of Glenn Young, and the very similar activities of the notorious gunman, Charlie Berger, are now but uncomfortable memories of a dim past. These have given way to church revivals—and to closed banks and starvation rations. The authorities and the American Legion can still produce "law and order" in the old-fashioned way, however, as they pointedly showed a few weeks ago when several representatives of the International Labor Defense were arrested and quietly beaten up in the Benton jail.

But the young business men and professional people who make up the backbone of the "law-and-order" element have been hit as hard by the financial blizzard as have the miners by the general economic collapse. A few years ago Franklin and Williamson counties had more than forty banks. Today, if we except a half-dozen purely rural institutions of little importance, they have only two banks—the First National

of Herrin, the only commercial bank that survived the blizzard in either county, and the bank at Zeigler, which closed some time ago and has since been reorganized. Benton and Marion, the two county seats, are without ordinary banking facilities; the local utilities companies cash checks and make change for some of the residents; the merchants do much of their business through postal money orders. In these towns and other communities the municipal employees are being paid in scrip, which they can redeem at a discount of about 10 per cent whenever they find anyone with gambling instinct enough to take over the promissory notes, and that is not very often. School teachers, though their pay is dependent upon State taxation, are in no better plight. The State now owes Franklin County \$55,000, and many of the school teachers are going unpaid. At least half the salary warrants issued for the present year in Franklin County have not been redeemed, according to the county superintendent of schools. In one or two towns—Logan, for example—no salary warrants whatever have been redeemed since the opening of the school year last fall.

In the background stands, of course, the very sick coal industry. The general decline in bituminous operations has hurt the region tremendously. So has the increasing tendency toward mechanizing and electrifying the pits. I found only one town—though I was told of one or two others—in which virtually all the able-bodied male citizens had at least part-time jobs. I found more than a dozen towns in which unemployment took in as many as 60 per cent of the men able and willing to work. I also found communities, such as Coello, Logan, Blairsville, and others, where only a handful of workers was employed. In Coello, for instance, a community of 1,350 people, only two men in the entire town had jobs. Southern Illinois has been particularly affected by the intensive competition within the coal industry. "The metropolitan Chicago switching district," a *Chicago Tribune* financial writer recently said, "is the largest coal-consuming area in the world. Yet this prime market, essential to Illinois mines, has been gradually turning to the East for its coal." In 1918 Illinois operators shipped 16,500,000 tons into the Chicago area, as compared with 8,000,000 tons from the Eastern fields; in 1923 the proportion was 13,500,000 tons from Illinois to 15,000,000 from the East; in 1930 the East supplied 20,000,000 tons and Illinois only 8,500,000. The operators quite naturally blame the high wages paid in this field. But whatever the cause, the effect has been drastic. And the operators' offensive against the high wage scales, which began with the shutdown today, is likely to leave still greater disaster in its wake.

It is at this point that the real story of Bloody Williamson's hunger begins. The coal country has very few banks; its local business is almost at a complete standstill; it has little hard cash in circulation. Many stores are vacant, and the shelves are half empty in the majority of those that are still open. From morning till night gangs of men throng the business streets of the towns, idling away their time; they have nothing else to do. And the two counties have no un-

* The fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

employment relief worthy of the name. What this means for the district was explained to me in a few words by Mrs. Sophia Poindexter, former Red Cross worker and now a member of the Benton Board of United Charities.

"I'll guarantee you," she began, "that there are at least 2,000 children here who haven't had a drop of milk in a year." And Benton is a community with a population of less than 10,000. Four hundred families are now being cared for by the United Charities, the average expenditure per family being \$1.30 per week. The Red Cross, which has eighty additional families of war veterans on its rolls, does better. It provides groceries for these people at the average rate of \$3 per family per week. In all, 1,880 children belong to these families. What are they being fed? The grocery orders call for flour, lard, beans, salt, and sugar. No milk is provided, whether fresh or canned, and no fruit or vegetables. It was not surprising, then, to learn from Mrs. Poindexter that many cases of rickets have been reported, and that at present there are more than 600 active cases of tuberculosis in the county, which, she said, represents "a marked increase over two years ago." But according to Mrs. Poindexter, the most distressing aspect of relief administration in Benton is the constant uncertainty that attends it. The United Charities does not know from one Saturday to the next whether it will have enough money on hand to pay for all the grocery orders to be given out; many Saturdays have gone by with the board's funds exhausted before the day was out. Drives for new funds have been undertaken virtually every week of late, but these are producing less and less. Mrs. Poindexter asserted that several cases were found in which people who were themselves in need were giving to the relief fund.

Through the winter the State contributed a little toward relief in Franklin County, but Mrs. Poindexter felt that the State's aid was "too political" to be of much real help. She pointed out that the mayors of the various towns had been appointed to handle this end of the relief work. "The pay-rollers are in charge everywhere," she said. Just the day before I talked with her an affidavit was filed by Leon Gremling, president of the United Mine Workers' local at Christopher, charging that the State's relief funds were being used for political purposes. In the affidavit Gremling said he had been called aside by Mayor Tom Towers of Christopher and informed that unless he supported Omer Custer, candidate of the Emmerson faction, for the Republican nomination for governor, "he, the said Leon Gremling, would be able to receive no more charity."

On the outskirts of Benton live two or three hundred families whose menfolk once worked in the Franklin County Coal Company's mine. This pit has now been closed for almost two years. I visited twelve houses standing in a row. In the first lived the Sandusky family—grandmother, eighty-eight years old, father and mother, and four children ranging in age from nine to fifteen. It was Saturday, and the Sanduskys had just received their weekly grocery order, worth at retail \$1.50. It contained flour, beans, lard, salt, and sugar. There was no meat, butter, coffee (or beverages of any sort), eggs, vegetables, or fruit. And no milk, though Mrs. Sandusky had managed somehow during the week to get a can of condensed milk. The children had shoes, supplied by some of the church women in town, but the rest of their clothing was beyond description, so worn and patched

was it. The house was barren except for a bed and a chair in the bedroom, a cot and rickety table in the living-room, a larger table and two chairs in the dining-room. There were no rugs and no curtains in the house. How did the family manage to live on their meager fare? "We get along," the mother said, "and the children ain't complaining none. I've learned to make a lot of things out o' flour. We have it a different way every night. And the neighbors help a lot. One of the families down the row has people in Chicago who send them things, canned stuff and such, and they pass them around." The Sandusky children might not have been complaining, but their mother had good reason for complaint. She was pale and emaciated, and apparently tuberculous. I wondered if she had been starving herself so that the children would have enough to eat. The Sanduskys' home, which was once their own, is now owned by one of the closed banks. The monthly rent was \$10, but this had not been paid for a year and a half. The Sanduskys owed approximately \$300 in doctors' and grocery bills. They had no income of any kind, and they had not had a cent of currency in the house for months.

The other eleven families were similarly situated. Only the number of children in each family or the amount of indebtedness varied from house to house. The man in the fifth house was a war veteran who received somewhat more relief from the Red Cross than the others were getting from the United Charities. He shared his surplus with his neighbors, though the appearance of his children made a mockery of his reference to "my surplus." In the seventh house lived a man who worked two days a week for a country butcher. On Wednesdays he received thirty cents in pay, and on Saturdays a dollar. Occasionally the butcher allowed him to take odd scraps of meat home with him. In the last house in the row lived the family who had "people in Chicago." Once a month or so the Chicago relatives sent them a box filled with canned vegetables and fruit. The day the monthly box arrived every family in the row enjoyed a gala feast.

Around the corner was the Italian section of the mining town. I met many of the Italians in the kitchen of a house where a wake was being held. Their tales differed little from those I had heard along the row, though these people took their plight somewhat less abjectly. They could make spaghetti with their flour, and even the bachelors among them had learned how to make biscuits without baking powder. And the Italians had preserved greens and vegetables to tide them over the winter, and made wine to sustain them when actual hunger became too great. The wake was for one of their number who had died. What was the cause of his death? The people in the kitchen did not know. "We just found him dead in his bed one morning," they explained. But his family was too poor to bury him, and so the Italian community was undertaking that task. At the edge of the mining town stood the lone grocery store, run by a Polish woman. Its shelves were all but empty. The proprietress said that her biggest sale was in yeast; the charity board does not supply yeast with its flour. Altogether she had sold \$2 worth of goods in the previous week. The wholesale companies were not pressing her for payment, but at the same time they were giving her no further supplies except for cash. She thought that she could hold out until summer. Then the store would have to close. She looked as though she needed relief herself, but when I sug-

gested this she explained that she could not get relief from the United Charities as she owned a store.

But this was in Benton, where there is at least a semblance of organized relief. I went on to the town of Orient, the site of "the largest mine in the world," and talked with Mayor William Snyder. "There is lots of distress around here, and unless something's done about it mighty quick there's going to be trouble," he said. About 40 per cent of the miners were totally unemployed, the remainder working half-time. In Orient there was no organized family relief whatever. The State had given Mayor Snyder \$300 in January and that was being used to feed fifty-two children in the schools. A few small private donations were obtained to help families in extreme necessity. But there was no milk of any kind for the younger children, and no fresh vegetables for anyone else. The vegetable situation Mayor Snyder hoped would soon be remedied as he was inducing his townspeople to raise their own garden truck. Owners of unused land had offered their idle acreage for gardens. The town of Buckner, according to Mayor Russell Porter, was somewhat more fortunately situated. Most of its people were working, and only a dozen families were in need. But the closing of the town bank had swept away the whole of the municipality's funds, and charity and union funds were likewise lost. Mayor Porter had no idea how Buckner would take care of its mine families if the general shutdown lasted more than a fortnight.

Coello not only had no money, it had no work of any kind. The only two men in town who had jobs worked several miles away in Zeigler. Mayor Philip Pavichivich spread his official papers out before me on the bedstead that stood in his parlor. He was anxious that I should understand the grave nature of Coello's predicament. There were already 112 destitute families in the town, and more were coming in every day to explain that their own resources had given out and therefore they were asking him to help. But he had nothing to give them. In November the State had sent \$700 into Coello, but this fund was exhausted within ten weeks. The Red Cross was helping the families of sixteen ex-soldiers. In addition the Red Cross had come in during February and had distributed grocery orders to about a hundred families, and this food lasted a week or a little longer. The American Friends' Service Committee was providing milk for about fifty children. And that was all. There was no doctor in Coello and no drug-store. The mines in the vicinity had worked only seventy-three days in three years, Mayor Pavichivich said. There were two stores still open in the community, that belonging to the mayor and one other. Pavichivich had uncollectible credits standing on his books to the amount of \$4,000; to the other storekeeper was owed more than \$8,000.

It was relief day when I got to Herrin down in Williamson County. A local merchant had that morning donated \$20 to the local relief fund. This was sufficient to provide ten grocery orders worth \$2 each for the scores of applicants who were lined up outside the station. Ten families received the orders; the others had to be satisfied with old clothes. On the two previous relief days the station had nothing but old clothes to give out. At Logan the picture was much the same, and at Blairsville, where 1,100 men were without work, it was hardly better. At Carterville, a town of 3,500 people, of whom only 300 men had

jobs in the mines, the mayor, William McKellar, explained that 125 families were being fed by charity. Here financial assistance from the State was somewhat more lavish than I found it in Franklin County. A Red Cross worker in Marion, county seat of Williamson County, said that there were so many Williamson people on the State pay roll that the county was being especially favored in this regard. McKellar added that ever since November the town had been getting \$100 a month from the State fund. In addition some of the merchants were donating \$10 to \$20 a month. But this was far from enough. During the previous week the mayor and some of his associates set out to solicit additional funds from the people in town who still had incomes from one source or another, that is, the clerks, store workers, stenographers, lawyers, and doctors. But they gave up the drive within a few hours. They found that salaries and wages had been cut "in half or more," said McKellar, "and the doctors and lawyers seem to be collecting nothing on their bills. Most of them looked like they needed help themselves."

Marion conducted a public drive for relief funds last November, I was told by John M. Reid, city attorney and chairman of the local relief board. Approximately \$3,000 was pledged, but less than \$2,000 was actually collected. Since December the State has been giving from \$125 to \$150 a month toward the maintenance of Marion's unemployed, and in March gave \$300. Relief expenditures for the 165 destitute families have averaged \$125 a week, or at a rate of less than \$1 a week per family. But local funds are being rapidly exhausted; grocery orders have already been cut down in size, and many families have been taken off the relief rolls. Fortunately, being one of the larger communities, Marion has been able to provide help in other ways. The women's clubs and fraternal orders are supplying warm meals for the children in the schools; a dairy company is donating fresh milk several times a week for the pre-school children; shoes and cast-off clothing seem to be available in fairly large quantities. But the major relief work is being curtailed, and no further efforts to raise funds in the community are planned. City Attorney Reid did not appear alarmed by the dark prospects of the future. "You would be surprised to know how little people can get along on nowadays," he said.

The mine unions have been helping some of their own people. From time to time 25 cents or 50 cents has been checked off the pay of those who were working, this money being distributed to union members without jobs. With operations completely suspended this can no longer be done. The treasuries of most of the locals are empty. They lost a great deal of their money in the bank crash; those of their individual members who had saved money lost their savings in the same way. The new State fund of \$18,750,000, of which only \$11,000,000 has thus far been obtained through the sale of tax anticipation warrants, may help southern Illinois at this critical juncture. Williamson County has asked for \$75,000; Franklin County has requested a little more. Yet even \$150,000 to \$200,000 seems pitifully small for this poverty-stricken region. There are probably 25,000 families in the two counties who are either already in want or rapidly approaching destitution, so that financial assistance from the State amounting to as much as \$250,000 would give these families only \$10 each.

Can the American Farm Be Saved?*

By E. G. NOURSE

MOST of us are getting restive now that the depression is stretching out beyond the period that expounders of business cycles had led us to expect. During the first year we were buoyed up by prognostications of a "minor cycle" and hopes of early recovery. As the second year wore on we thought we were fulfilling any probable requirement of expiation. But now that we are well into the third year of depression, with most of our friends very bearish about the future, we insist that something drastic be done.

Since the troubles of agriculture began as far back as 1920, many people are moved to advocate the most extreme measures to deal with rural problems. Are not the farmers, after eleven full years of suffering, entitled to priority in the nation's program of economic recovery? Doubtless. But unfortunately agriculture is not the logical place to begin with our reconstruction program. The major planks in any realistic platform of economic rehabilitation relate to public and private finance and to the quickening of industrial activity and the revival of commercial exchange. Agricultural prosperity will follow naturally in the wake of any such general trade revival, whereas no amount of specific tinkering with agriculture can initiate a general price recovery.

On the other hand, there are several definite threats to agriculture in the present situation if it is allowed to drift. These harmful influences might still further impair the position of agriculture and cause it to contribute to a yet deeper demoralization of the whole business situation. Or, if general recession were checked at this point, they would militate seriously against the farmer's efforts to secure a satisfactory economic position for himself during the period of recovery. These difficulties center chiefly in the questions of ownership of the farm plant, access to land for agricultural use, and charges on land. Any sane agricultural program at the present time should bear three general injunctions in mind:

1. Don't take the farmer's land away from him.
2. Don't tax him to death.
3. Don't leave submarginal areas to private exploitation.

In the early twenties I advised Iowa farmers to let farms bought during the boom go back to the sellers or mortgagees and to avail themselves of bankruptcy proceedings rather freely as a means of shifting to other parts of society a burden which had fallen on their shoulders, not through any fault of their own so much as through the operation of a far-flung combination of social forces. Most of them tried to hang on, and there was a good deal of stretching of credit to enable them to do so in order to protect an inflated capitalization. Most of those who bought land at "war prices" have by now given up their farms and accepted the loss of much or all of the family's savings. But many farmers still hold farms inherited from the previous generation or bought at pre-boom prices. As the years of mounting costs and shrinking returns have succeeded one another, they have put

new mortgages on these farms or added to old ones. And they have had to put all that they could sweat out of themselves and their families into holding their mortgaged acres. It would be a cruel injustice to force them out at this late stage of the price decline. Not only this: to do so would further disrupt our agriculture.

We should have a general moratorium on foreclosures and forced sales until we can see on what price level agricultural commodities and farm lands are going to stabilize themselves. The action of Congress in putting an additional \$125,000,000 into the Federal Farm Loan system will help materially toward this end. Such stabilization as results from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is another step in the right direction, even though belated. These measures should be amplified by every other possible means of carrying out the same policy. But we ought to go farther than this. Mortgage obligations should be scaled down to the actual earning value which agricultural lands will have during the working lifetime of the present generation as nearly as this can be estimated. And methods of estimating should be conservative.

Such a procedure would be an innovation in the field of farm finance. But it is an old story in corporation finance. When security holders find that a company has been capitalized far beyond its actual earning power and any reasonable prospect of future earnings, they frequently deem it expedient to resort to constructive reorganization rather than destructive liquidation. Preferred stocks are drastically pruned and bonds scaled down even without extinguishing the shareholders' interest. Such a course is followed where and because there seems to be prospect of permanent income through the continuation of existing operative arrangements, and where labor and management can be paid only if fixed charges are substantially reduced.

However lamentable the losses which our farmers have been suffering, they are infinitely less disruptive of the nation's economic well-being than it would be to drive the farm families off the hundreds of thousands of farms where they are in arrears on mortgage obligations, or to leave these families in possession only on condition that arrears of interest accumulate and compound on a principal sum in excess of present value and prospective earning power. This latter course would preserve nominal ownership at the cost of future decades or generations of work, exploited to support a war-time capitalization. The most wholesome result all around will come from realistically facing revaluation in the light of changed conditions.

As for taxation, practically everyone who has studied the matter agrees that the antiquated general property tax puts an undue burden on agriculture. This disparity is inordinately magnified with the growth of the total tax load. It was bad enough in the days of the district schools and mud roads, but with the attempt to bring rural standards of living up measurably close to those of the town it has become intolerable. The urban cynic answers that the rural sections should be content with the little red schoolhouse

* The second of a series of articles on various important phases of our economic life, written by authorities in their respective fields. The third will appear in next week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

or stop squawking about the expense of more modern school advantages. He quite overlooks the fact that the rural sections, which average a lower per capita income than the rest of the country, have to provide the cost of schooling, not to mention the birth and rearing, of a larger quota of children—who after living in the country during their dependent years move to town to spend their productive adult life. The road problem is somewhat similar. Automobile highways were built in response to urban demand, and the profits from their construction have practically all gone to the city, but a disproportionate amount of their cost has been assessed upon abutting farm property. With mounting school and road taxes, the farmer's bill has been rising to \$400, \$600, and \$800 on a quarter-section farm from which it has become increasingly difficult, not to say impossible, to get a \$1,500 or \$2,000 annual income. In poorer sections it may be \$100 of tax out of \$600 or \$800 of income.

This problem cannot soundly be met by the scaling down of these services. Country schools are still, on the average, much behind even village schools. A large percentage of our farmers are still relatively isolated on roads impassable for periods of weeks or months. And adequate hospitalization and even moderate public-health service are yet to be provided. The cost must be socialized through shifting the burden to State and national budgets, putting taxes largely on an income basis, the more courageous use of death duties, and the use of registration and gasoline taxes for support of the road system.

In one direction, however, there is an excellent prospect of reducing the cost of local government. We still maintain an elaborate system of horse-and-buggy counties in an automobile age. No one but a blind man could spend an afternoon in a rural county courthouse without being aware that rural counties as a whole are maintaining facilities and personnel two, four, or six times the actual number required for the adequate performance of the service on the basis of full-time work for the necessary functionaries. Vested interests in the village and political conservatism on the farms make the task of pruning off this excess growth a difficult one. But it presents an outstanding opportunity for economy without sacrifice of social service—the chance to clip a coupon on our investment in hard roads.

A third suggestion for safeguarding the farmer's economic position concerns land policy. We hear a storm of protest about overproduction, the "surplus problem," wholesale reversion of lands, and the cost and inadequacy of public services in thinly settled regions. It is high time that we woke up to the fact that these questions run back largely to the basic problem of land utilization, and that the troubles can be very greatly ameliorated even though not entirely cured by a new and enlightened land policy.

For three hundred years we have sought to encourage and stimulate the maximum private settlement and ownership of our land area, with unregulated private business enterprise in its use. This course was based on two implicit assumptions. The first was that any piece of God's outdoors not actual swamp or desert would reward the expenditure of agricultural labor and capital. The second assumption was that there was a potential if not imminent scarcity of land. With the advancing technique of scientific and mechanized agriculture and advancing knowledge of farm organization and management we are coming to realize that

we can get the maximum economic product with the minimum of effort and cost by applying agricultural labor and capital to certain more limited areas carefully selected with reference to their technological character and market location.

During the agricultural depression millions of acres of land have reverted to government—county, State, or national—through the inability of former owners to pay taxes or perfect homestead entries. In this moment of retreat from exploited colonization areas there must come some perception of the futility of attempting to wring an adequate living from any and all lands by the process of farming. Practically all the reverted acres, however, have gone into what the stock market would call "weak hands." The government officials of a State with a large submarginal area cannot possibly be counted upon to hold such lands a moment beyond the time when the first sign of reviving agricultural prices tempts unwary settlers to stake their fortunes on a cheap farm. Still more will county officials be eager to get a few dollars per acre in sales price or the payment of arrears of taxes and the prospect of taxpayers for a few years ahead. Furthermore, there is an enormous area of land no less submarginal which will remain in the hands of private holders throughout the depression period but be thrown open to exploitative development at the earliest chance for sale.

What manufacturer could face the future if his factory stood in the midst of idle plants which would be thrown back into production in competition with him upon such cutthroat terms the moment prices got back toward a remunerative basis? Unless we can devise such land policies as will give the body of suitably located and adequately equipped farmers reasonable protection against speculative operations below the margin, the business of agriculture will remain in a demoralized condition for many years in the future.

What we have been saying relates to the farmer's position as proprietor and operator. There is, however, another major division of our agricultural platform, and this concerns his position with reference to markets and prices. This problem may be considered from two points of view—one domestic and the other foreign. The former focuses sharply on co-operative marketing organizations and the Farm Board; the other on international market influences—reparations, international debts, and the tariff.

As for cooperation, it should be looked upon as a bulwark of strength in the agricultural organization of the future, bringing to the farmer and his inherently small-scale business enterprise the major advantages of large-scale business which industry and trade have developed through the corporation. Unfortunately, cooperation has been badly misrepresented and oversold to our farmers as a quick and easy form of economic magic. They have been led to expect the impossible in the way of price maintenance, and encouraged to think that they could get the benefits of cooperation by signing on the dotted line rather than by joining together in participating groups to hammer out certain very workaday business betterments. It was but natural that legislators and political and farm-organization leaders should have turned with relief to cooperation as the "sure cure" for agricultural distress. It is unfortunate, however, that the Farm Board, which was intrusted with the generalship of this great movement, should have known so little of the true nature of cooperation. In its eagerness to make speed it tried to start the car in high. The inevitable result followed.

Progress—if any—has been disappointingly slow, while serious, if not irreparable, injury has been done to the mechanism. Widespread cooperative organization in agriculture should still be kept as a major plank in our agricultural program, but effort should be turned toward broad education and the affording of helpful facilities equally to all voluntary groups. There should be an end of high-pressure promotion of certain favored undertakings under bureaucratic direction.

As to foreign influences impinging on the farmer's market and agricultural prices, the difficulty is acute. The farmer's interest demands such freeing of world-wide commerce and industry as will restore purchasing power for his products. Reparations and interallied debts are the crux of the problem. We must abandon unreasonable insistence upon literal fulfilment of a bond whose terms were dictated by political considerations and war psychology. Economically they are impossible to carry out, and the continued insistence upon them simply postpones the day of general business recovery. *Wallace's Farmer* recently stated the farmer's true interest in this matter editorially with clarity and force.

I would like to see us get some good out of the debts which England and France owe us, but unless the United States is willing to reduce very greatly her tariff and also cut down on her exports of wheat, lard, cotton, and manufactured products, I am quite certain that these debts will never be paid. Also, I am quite certain that the big income taxpayers themselves would be decidedly ahead of the game to pay \$250,000,000 a year extra income taxes, because of the fact that the international confidence which would follow on a more definite settling of the war debt and the

German reparations would make such good business that the profits of our big corporations would be increased by many times the \$250,000,000 extra income tax.

If we are to effect the transition from the role of debtor to that of creditor nation gracefully and well, we shall have to break up many old habits of thought and patterns of action. Agriculture did well in the emergency years just after the war to get some tariff protection to cushion the shock of its drastic readjustment. Further gains from the same device are out of the question. The farmer's immediate tariff interest lies in the lowering of industrial duties. But from now on it should be insisted that any tariff, industrial or agricultural, is to be defended only on the basis of special circumstances touching the position of that commodity and its producing group in the light of national policy. No longer can we start from the assumption of protected industry and free-trade agriculture.

The world outlook as to agricultural production promises that supplies will be heavy and the price trend weak for some years in the future. As we said at the outset, agriculture cannot raise itself by its own bootstraps and drag the rest of the economic system up to prosperity. Its own prosperity must await the day when the industrial world puts itself back to work. But if reasonable intelligence is applied toward reviving employment both at home and abroad, unclogging international commerce, and equalizing fixed charges at home, through some or all of the measures which we have been discussing, farmers will again stand a chance of establishing an adequate income basis for a standard of living not grossly inferior to that of the town.

Hitler*

By KARL RADEK

IN a small town on the Austro-Bavarian border there lived a petty tax official. Once a small farmer, he had worked his way up to this position of public responsibility with an iron will, and he led a life which, though not luxurious, was free from care and provided with a few small comforts. He had to count his pennies, to be sure, but he knew that the morrow was taken care of, and there was a small pension for his old age. This pension had always been the pride and the ideal of the Hitler family. Higher, the aspirations of the father never went. He dreamed of the time when his son, too, would become a public official, and was bitterly disappointed when the boy announced that he would lead the wider, freer life of an artist, a life which would raise him above the drab existence of the worker and shopkeeper, and to which he believed himself, thanks to his artistic talent, entitled. Father and son quarreled bitterly; then the father died and the mother followed soon after. Young Hitler, a small-town citizen with vague dreams of an artistic career, found that he could not be admitted to the Academy of Arts without a university degree and was forced to set about making a living as a house painter instead.

With a head full of dreams and outmoded ideals he went to Vienna. He had read several nationalist books on

the history of Germany—Germany, the young Siegfried surrounded by evil enemies on every side; France—that was the black-hearted Hagen waiting his chance to strike down the young giant from behind. There were other dangers, too, that threatened the young Siegfried. In Austria the German must fight to maintain himself against "all sorts of Slavic riff-raff." Then there are the Jews "who poison the soul of the German people." Had not Dr. Lüger, the late leader of the anti-Semites in Vienna, proved this? These Slavs and Jews were being helped by the Social Democrats when they propagated the class struggle among the German masses. With the masses Hitler now came into intimate contact. The building-trades workers of Vienna were organized in labor unions and they invited the young petit bourgeois to join their organization. Here his first conflict with the workers began. He disdained their invitation. He refused to be looked upon as a workingman.

Shortly before the war Hitler left Austria and emigrated to Bavaria. There he lived the life of the would-be bohemian with struggling artists, draftsmen, and art students. Then the World War flared up and Hitler volunteered for service in the German army at once. One of his historians has stated that Hitler, who had evaded military service in Austria, wished in this way to escape any unpleasant consequences that might follow. Be that as it may, this much is

* This article is a translation of one which appeared in the *Weltbühne* of Berlin.—EDITOR THE NATION.

certain—that Hitler went to war with a head filled with all those slogans of Germany's innocence and its glorious mission in the future. Wounded, he was invalided home, and once more his hopes lay shattered about him. Germany was beaten, the German army was dissolved, and neither to himself nor to Germany had all that he had suffered at the front brought the slightest good.

What Hitler did after his return from the front has not yet been revealed. He has never committed himself. One thing is certain. He had to fight for his daily bread. He made no attempt to play a political role, and during the brief episode of the Bavarian Soviet Republic he remained in Munich without breathing a word. He joined the counter-revolutionists only after the overthrow of the Bavarian Soviets, whether as a spy or as an agitator is not quite clear. He was sent to labor meetings and reported on them to his superiors. Here Hitler was given his first opportunity to observe the secrets of political propaganda and political technique at first hand. In his capacity as secret agent he came to the small meeting of a newly created Nationalist organization which was carrying on its propaganda among workers and middle-class elements, although nationalism was far from popular in these circles at that time, even among the reactionary workers.

In these meetings Hitler first heard the slogans of the Nationalists: "The Entente is responsible for the ruin of the middle class"; "A liberated Germany will free its people from debt." At these meetings he learned of the necessity of wiping out "the money power of the Jew" to open up the world for the efficient. Once more he heard them all again, those ideas familiar from the meetings of the Viennese anti-Semites. The mixture of nationalism and anti-Semitism, to be sure, was new. Hitler had found a spiritual home at last.

Germany was forced to pay reparations, and German capital was paying them chiefly with the help of the printing-press. It produced more and more paper money and put it into circulation. The middle class in foreign countries, which firmly believed the mark would rise again, bought up these paper marks in the vain hope of acquiring riches when it should begin to rise once more. The coal and iron kings, who became richer than all others during the inflation period, cleverly managed to divert public attention from their machinations. They were not participating in the government—that they had left to the Social Democrats, the Democrats, and the Centrists. Stinnes commanded, but he placed the responsibility on Scheidemann and Erzberger and then accused them, through his newspapers, of a treachery to Germany that was responsible for all its misfortunes. Through the Nationalist newspapers that he and Hugenberg financed, the middle class learned that inflation was the result of Marxism, since Marxism aspires, above all, to destroy the middle class and to deliver Germany into the hands of its enemies.

The leaders of capitalist monopoly did not rely on their press alone. They financed Nationalist conspiratorial organizations with which they intended to bring pressure to bear on the democratic government if, fearing the disapproval of the electorate, it should refuse to dance to their piping. Hitler's agitation was gaining ground among the petite bourgeoisie. They were coming to his meetings in great masses and were joining his organization by the tens of thousands. The young officers of the conspiratorial organizations came to his assistance and organized the first storm divisions

(*Sturmabteilungen*), whose task it became to protect the Hitler meetings against disturbances by their opponents from the labor ranks. This period in the development of the National Socialist movement ended with that complete collapse, on November 9, 1923, which was so characteristic of the mechanics and aims of the Hitler movement.

How was it possible for Hitler at that time to strike root, particularly in Bavaria? True, as an Austrian, he was at home in the Bavarian milieu. But this alone does not answer the question. His success in Bavaria was due to the entire complex of social-political conditions there and the role that these conditions played in the French imperialist program. French imperialism, which was not satisfied with the Versailles treaty, demanded the division of Germany at the end of the war. Influential French military personages and diplomats had worked out a plan for the creation of a South German state under the rule of the Wittelsbacher, to unite Catholic German-Austria with Catholic Bavaria. France had a minister in Munich. The circles around Cardinal Faulhaber and Crown Prince Ruprecht held eager consultations with French representatives. This activity was carried on under the guise of "protection of the Bavarian middle class from ruin by Jewish, Protestant, Bolshevist Berlin." A part of the iron and steel industries stood behind Hitler and Ludendorff. But in the decisive moment, after the end of the Ruhr occupation and inflation, in the moment when Hitler and Ludendorff, without waiting for a final understanding with General von Seeckt, tried to capture the Bavarian state—in that moment it became suddenly evident that the petit-bourgeois Hitler and the Nationalist-romanticist Ludendorff had been deserted by the big industrialists and by the Bavarian separatists as well.

For when the steel and iron interests realized that the possibilities of inflation were exhausted and that further pauperization of the middle class and the proletariat would bring a serious and imminent danger of revolution, they decided to come to an understanding with France. To accomplish this it was not necessary to overthrow Ebert, since he had already relinquished much of his power to General von Seeckt and had embarked on a military campaign against the Saxon government. At that time Stinnes dismissed Minoux, his financial dictator and go-between with Ludendorff and Hitler, without much ado, as he had become superfluous. Bavarian clerical circles came to the conclusion that an understanding with France having been reached, there was no further reason for working toward a separation of Bavaria from the Reich. Hitler, who had but yesterday succeeded in taking the Prime Minister of Bavaria, Von Kahr, by surprise, suddenly found himself at the mercy of the Bavarian police. The savior of the nation was forced to flee from Munich and was actually thrown into prison.

When Hitler and his associates were once more able to size up the situation, they drew two conclusions from their unfortunate experience. They decided, first of all, that they would have to found a much more compact and elastic organization of their own if they wished to be taken seriously by the German industrialists. Secondly, they had learned that under no circumstances must they undertake adventurous experiments *against* those captains of industry. These conclusions, to be sure, represent a certain contradiction, but we shall soon see how they were reconciled. To create their own organization, to capture the bourgeoisie and at the same

time penetrate deeply into working-class circles, the Hitlerites' program had to contain the most widely diversified promises for every stratum of the nation. It appeals, in the first place, to the nationalist instincts of the middle class. Only the racially uncontaminated German can be a German citizen. The Versailles treaty must be torn to shreds. Germany must have colonies. But these were all things that had been demanded by German nationalists of every type and color before, without having made an appreciable impression upon either the middle-class or the working-class population. Hitler, therefore, decorated his program with social ornamentation. The state must create the premises for the economic rehabilitation of its citizenry. "If it should become impossible to feed the entire population of the Reich, all inhabitants of non-German extraction must be driven from the country." But what about German industry? "Abolition of unearned income, destruction of interest servitude (*Zinsknechtschaft*)." "We demand state ownership of all hitherto socialized industries." "We demand profit-sharing in large industrial undertakings." "We demand the creation of a healthy middle class and its perpetuation, immediate communization of large department stores and their renting, at low prices, to small merchants, greatest possible consideration of small mercantile interests in the ordering of supplies for the nation, the states, and municipalities." These demands were energetically propagated by the National Socialist press. In ten thousand meetings their agitators hoisted this platform like a banner, to affirm their intention of protecting the impoverished German population against exploitation. To this day *Angriff*, the Berlin National Socialist daily, bears the legend: "For the oppressed against the oppressor."

The Social Democrats, with the help of bourgeois economists, have been trying to convince the Nazis of the impossibility of prohibiting the payment of interest in a capitalist state, since capital would simply refuse to lend its money. They are trying to prove that great establishments like department stores cannot be leased and parceled out to small merchants, since to do so would be to deny their inherent economic function. But these arguments have been in no way able to invalidate the popular appeal of the National Socialist slogans. The department store is crowding out the small merchant. The small merchant is not interested in economic ratios. Therefore, down with the department store! And where is there a debt-laden tradesman or craftsman who would not joyously welcome the wiping out of all debts?

The National Socialist organization differs radically from the usual type of political organization in Europe. Capitalist parties the world over have no stable mass organizations on a national scale. They have an organizational staff and a large press. Except in periods of parliamentary elections they have no need of an organization. These parties have established the legend of the political freedom of the voter who casts his vote for this party or that "in the best interests of the fatherland." The National Socialist organization fights for an open dictatorship. Of course it refuses to relinquish any of the instruments of power of a capitalist state. But since this dictatorship is conceived as the terroristic dictatorship of big capital, and its main purpose is the destruction of the revolutionary labor movement, it obviously requires not a democratic but a military organization. For that reason it is built about nuclei called

Sturmabteilungen (storm divisions), military organizations permeated with the spirit of the barracks, trained in the arts of civil war, and prepared at all times for armed combat. The petit bourgeois who follows the Nazis loves to sit over his glass of beer, rattling the saber, though he may not have much use for actual warfare; for, hard though his lot may seem, he still has "something to lose." For that reason the *Sturmabteilungen* (SA) consist not so much of the rich peasants, the merchants, and the craftsmen as of *Lumpenproletariat*, the unemployed and unemployable who are attracted by the tiny emolument they are paid, and of students who play at being leaders in the fond hope that the SA are preparing not only for civil war, but for the coming army that will vanquish France.

What is the source of Hitler's influence? This question is often asked by those who have an opportunity to visit a Hitler meeting. What is the secret of the enthusiasm with which he is received by the petit bourgeois? He has not a single clear thought; he has no concrete intelligent program. He delights in swollen phrases. A writer recently characterized him cynically as follows: "He has the courage of his own banality." But to answer the question thus would be to disregard the economic situation of the petite bourgeoisie. There are no concrete measures which could assure them of immediate relief. So they cling tooth and nail to anything that will prevent their sinking to a still lower social level—to the proletariat—although, in truth, this would be the only way out of their misery that could lead them to the highway of struggle against their own poverty. In this situation the petit bourgeois has no alternative but to apply the insane recipes of the quack Hitler and to listen to his social balderdash. The middle class has never had political ideas of its own, has never solved a political problem. Therefore it clings to the tried and familiar idea of a savior, a hero who will lead it out of its slough of despond.

When Hitler appears in a meeting hall surrounded by the banners of his *Sturmabteilungen*, when he steps to the platform to the music of ten military bands, the petit-bourgeois crowd rises as if electrified and greets its savior, the prophet of the Third Reich, that millennium in which there will be commerce unrestrained but neither capitalism nor exploitation. When Hitler proclaims war "for the honor of Germany," war for the liberation of Germany not only from the fetters of the Versailles treaty but from the "yoke of the Roman code" as well, the petit bourgeois rejoices. So, while the spirits of his adherents rise, amid tobacco smoke and the fumes of the ever-present beer, in pure ecstasy in the electrified atmosphere of these mass-meetings, Hitler and his staff are dickering in the most peaceable manner with German bank magnates and leaders of the metal trusts. Hitler has long since ceased to be the wild-eyed citizen who is being used as a puppet by the forces of reaction. Hitler has long since become the conscious, practical hireling of capitalist monopoly. He, who created his party with the help of the money of the big industrialists, has effectively shaken off all illusions concerning the ultimate aims of his party. He knows that the National Socialist Party must help capitalist monopoly to enslave the labor movement, so that out of the unrestricted exploitation of the laboring masses German capitalism may be reborn. He thoroughly understands his role, but as it always was with the praetorians of old, he tries to sell himself as dearly as possible.

Presidential Possibilities

VIII. Texas John Garner*

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON



IF this sketch had been prepared a month ago, when it was originally scheduled, its form would have differed from the present in one important particular. It would then have stated that after thirty consecutive years of service in Congress John N. Garner had still to make a serious political blunder. Well, during the last month he made it. A little per-

spective will be necessary to disclose its exact magnitude, but certainly it will rank among the whoppers.

Owning twenty-odd newspapers, William Randolph Hearst longed in his heart for two things more—namely, relief from his personal burden of income taxes, and the prestige of naming the next Democratic nominee for President. To achieve the first of these ends he launched a formidable propaganda for a general sales tax which would fall on the consumers of manufactured products; to achieve the second he presented and strenuously urged on the Democrats the name of Speaker Garner.

Said the great Cardinal Wolsey to his protegee: "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels"—which might be rendered into modern doggerel somewhat as follows:

A deadly thing
Is the subtle sting
Of the Presidential bee.

Garner always had opposed the principle of a sales tax; he had excoriated Uncle Andy Mellon savagely for suggesting such a thing. But what was he to do? He was under a sort of moral obligation to Hearst, and to espouse the sales tax undoubtedly would put Hearst under a tremendous moral—and perhaps financial—obligation to him. Their interests seemed to lie in the same field. Up to that time the Speaker was the most powerful individual in Congress—the King of the House. But temptation offered, and Jack fell down and broke his crown, and his boom came tumbling after. Whether he will be able to mend the one and inflate the other remains to be seen.

I am not at all convinced that Garner is "through," either as a candidate for the nomination or as a dominating influence in Congress. I know him too well for that; in any political poker game in which he sits he will have at least one ace in each sleeve, and possibly an entire deck. Nothing is more characteristic of him than his cunning and resourcefulness under such circumstances. Indeed, these qualities were demonstrated in the very episode which cost

him so much prestige. Observe carefully just how he proceeded in connection with the sales tax.

He is a member of the Joint Committee on Policy, composed of Democratic Senators and Representatives, and was present at a meeting at which the committee resolved that the federal budget must be balanced. Moreover he is entitled to attend sessions of the House Ways and Means Committee, and did attend the first session in which the tax bill was considered, *but none thereafter until the completed bill was reported to the House*. Consequently, when a bill containing a sales tax was presented, Garner was in the position, not of recommending it, but of *reluctantly accepting* the committee's recommendation. The point may seem somewhat technical, but when the hour of his ordeal came, the Speaker was able to tell the House and the country in tremolo tones that he had always opposed a sales tax, that he still was opposed to the principle, that he had consented to support the proffered bill only when convinced by the Ways and Means Committee that no other measure would avail to balance the budget—which latter, after all, was his sole and consuming passion.

Of course, no one who has graduated from the political kindergarten supposes that Charlie Crisp would bring in a sales tax without the full and final consent of his party leader. Not for a moment would any member of the House harbor such a preposterous thought. But the readers of newspaper dispatches are more gullible, and it appears that a similar gullibility pervades some of the writers of such dispatches. Certainly the *New York Times* was among those reporting on the morning after Garner's stage play that he had scored a great triumph, that the House had "reversed its course," and that leadership had been reestablished. The rather incongruous fact that this "leadership" consisted in accepting the insurgent substitute for the sales tax may easily have escaped the average reader. This would be especially likely in the case of *Times* readers, who were confronted with the bald statement that the insurgents had no substitute—at the very moment when their substitute was being written into the bill.

If Garner had to be judged solely on his conduct in connection with the sales-tax episode he would have to be put down simply as a calculating but faint-hearted politician. I do not believe such a verdict would be remotely accurate or just. Any fair appraisal of his complete record must lead to the conclusion that he is a natural fighting man, whom ambition betrayed into an isolated moment of weakness. That he is exceedingly canny and constantly takes advantage of his long experience is quite true. It is true of all effective parliamentary scrappers. I have seen George Norris and the senior La Follette lure a topheavy Senate opposition into a state of helpless and hopeless bafflement through their superior foresight and knowledge of the rules. Napoleon did not win battles by sheer personal courage.

It was during the era of Coolidge Complacency that John Garner gave an exhibition of personal and

* The article on Franklin D. Roosevelt, by Henry F. Pringle, which was announced for this week will appear in next week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

political nerve which all honest men should never cease to applaud. I allude to his brave and amazingly successful fight on the original Mellon tax plan. Entering the Treasury in 1921, Mr. Mellon found that with war-time expenditures disappearing rapidly and federal revenues increasing enormously, the government could afford to reduce taxes. This remarkable discovery so astounded the nation that its author was hailed as a financial genius second only to Hamilton, and business and the press were almost unanimous in their insistence that Congress enact his sacred plan without the touch of a profaning hand. Any suggestion from a mere Congressman that it might be improved was treated as an attempt by a Baptist parson to rewrite the Sermon on the Mount. Every reporter who was in Washington in 1924 can testify to the terrific volume and force of that propaganda. At this crucial juncture John Garner got up and said publicly that it was a hell of a bill, that it was full of outrageous discriminations in favor of the rich, and he would be damned if he couldn't and wouldn't write a better one in twenty-four hours. Not only did he write a better one in less time, but he actually succeeded in having it passed—although to this day I doubt whether nine editors out of ten or nineteen bankers out of twenty are aware that it was the Garner-Simmons bill and not the Mellon plan which finally became law.

Here again it is necessary to interpose for the purpose of defining and clarifying. I do not in any sense regard Garner as a liberal in politics, although he could qualify as one by most of the standard legislative tests which the practical Washington observer is accustomed to apply. In addition to fighting Mellon's policy of low taxes for the rich, he repeatedly exposed and denounced Uncle Andrew's quaint custom of refunding taxes to his own corporations and the corporations of his friends. He supported the Norris lame-duck amendment, and was directly responsible for its belated adoption by the House. He has consistently advocated government operation of the Muscle Shoals power plant—and the Senate lobby investigation disclosed that the Insull interests had contributed \$1,000 to a campaign to defeat him for reelection in 1928. He opposed the Fordney-McCumber and Hawley-Smoot tariff bills vigorously. He assumed full responsibility for ramming the Philippine independence bill through the House after forty minutes of debate, after the reactionary Bacon of New York blocked a unanimous-consent proposal to consider it at more length. On the other hand he stood, if reluctantly, for the scandal-breeding secrecy clause of the law creating the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; he is known to be en rapport with Boss Curry of Tammany; and in the face of the overwhelming evidence taken by the La Follette-Costigan committee he stated that he simply could not believe anyone was starving in the United States!

What is the answer? I think I know it. At bottom Garner is a thoroughly conservative man. He is a combination of big-time politician and small-town banker. But on top of that he is a frontiersman. It may surprise Easterners to know that Uvalde, the Speaker's home, is as far West as Bismarck, North Dakota. The quality in Garner which might easily be mistaken for political liberalism is simply the frontier spirit of square-dealing and native sympathy for the under-dog. He takes a frontiersman's pride in being very much on the level, and in having a reputation for self-

reliance and guts. His personal word is as good as his bond, and his personal bond is good for a million dollars plus.

The latter statement is literally true, although I knew him years without suspecting it. He came to the House in 1903. He was thirty years old, married and poor. Incidentally, only Haugen of Iowa and Pou of North Carolina exceed him in length of service. His mode of living has never been anything but frugal. His self-effacing, efficient wife has always served him in the capacity of secretary. She confides that one of the two times he made her cry was upon the occasion of his elevation to party leadership in the House, when he suggested that she retire and take it easy. (The other occasion was when he prescribed a spanking for their grandchild.) Poker might have been named as his chief vice, but it certainly could not be termed an extravagance, seeing that he won over \$15,000 during one session. The late Nick Longworth was prone to twit him on his own possession of the official automobile, but Garner took enough away from Longworth over the card table to buy plenty of automobiles if he had cared for them—which he didn't. Nevertheless, he owns thousands of Texas acres, thousands of sheep, cattle, and mohair goats, hundreds of beehives, spreading pecan orchards, a couple of banks, and miscellaneous property. Obviously he did not accumulate all this with his poker winnings, and anyone who ventured a suspicion either in Washington or Texas that John Garner ever made a dishonest dollar through his official position would be laughed out of the community. How did he make his million plus? I put that question to one of his old Texas cronies.

"Trading," was the reply. "John's the champion trader of west Texas. I guess he has traded in nearly everything. He trades ranches, banks, goats, stock, bees—John don't care so long as it's a bargain."

Garner lived and labored on his father's farm at Blossom Prairie until he was sixteen, at which age he decided to study law. A neighbor owned an orphan mule colt whose chances of survival impressed the owner as being slight indeed. John saw the matter in a different light. With \$5 which he had earned picking cotton he bought the colt, raised it, and sold it for \$150. Then he proceeded to Clarksville, the county seat, and obtained employment as shortstop on the semi-professional baseball team. Using the mule money as capital and the shortstop's pay as income he swung additional deals which enabled him to study law on the side. There was a peculiar Texas statute under which a minor could become eligible to vote and hold office provided he could convince the County Court that he possessed the necessary qualifications. This was called "having his disabilities removed." At the age of twenty Garner "had his disabilities removed" and ran for County Attorney. The "respectable element" was against him, but the embattled saloon-keepers maintained an unbroken front and the youngster won. His first official act was to summon a number of his most loyal supporters and suggest that they pay more heed to the Sunday closing law. The protests can be imagined. It was a hell of a way for the new County Attorney to treat his friends, they said, and furthermore they couldn't lock up on Sunday because they had no keys. John was adamant and the town locksmith enjoyed an unprecedented wave of prosperity.

Not long afterward his doctor told Garner that one lung exhibited unfavorable symptoms and advised him to

seek a warmer and drier climate. Thereupon he moved to Uvalde County, which rejoiced in an abundance of heat, aridity, mesquite, and cactus but very little else. He went to the Texas legislature and introduced just one bill—a proposal to divide Texas into five States, in conformity with the treaty of annexation. An orator arose and in substance spoke as follows: "Sir, you may divide the hills and the valleys of Texas, you may divide the rivers and the forests, you may even divide the men and the women of Texas, but how, how, sir, will you divide the Alamo?" That little matter being settled to the satisfaction of everyone except the member from Uvalde County, a new Congressional district was created pursuant to the results of the reapportionment under the 1900 census, and Garner sought and won the new seat in Congress. He has held it ever since. He still thinks Texas should be divided.

If Garner ever had a bad lung it healed long ago, despite the miasmic summers of Washington. As he approaches the age of sixty-three everything about him denotes physical and mental hardihood. He has the leathery red visage of the plainsman, cold blue eyes, hooked nose, shaggy eyebrows, a compact head thickly thatched with curling gray hair, and a tight, down-curving mouth. He looks like a tough and horny-handed proposition, and he is. Thus of late he has rejoiced in such picturesque sobriquets as "Cactus Jack," the "Texas Tiger," and "Chaparral Jack." These are the inventions of my fertile colleagues in Washington. The capital knows him as "Jack," and Mrs. Garner preserves a delightful early American custom by addressing him as "Mr. Garner." But in Texas they simply speak of "John." You are expected to know what John is meant. If they meant any other John they would give his surname.

Many experts regard him as the soundest and most correct drinker in Washington. He prefers rye but can use a little corn if it is extra good. He voted against the Eighteenth Amendment but voted for the Volstead and Jones laws. I cannot be certain how he would face the issue in a Presidential campaign, but I entertain no doubt about how he feels. He feels that suppression or control of the liquor traffic should be left to the respective States.

It is difficult to present a rounded picture of a personality whom one has observed at close range over a long period of time, and for all I know the foregoing description of Garner may be woefully inadequate. But let us sum up. As a professional practicing politician he is one of the ablest in the business—and if anyone thinks that is an unimportant qualification for high public office let him contemplate the incredible fumbling and blundering of the Great Engineer. Garner is thoroughly familiar with the routine and technique of government—and if anyone thinks that is unimportant let him contemplate the popular success of Calvin Coolidge, who knew practically nothing else. Possessing all the natural conservatism which should characterize the leading banker and largest landowner of Uvalde County, he has managed to retain a rather wholesome sympathy for what he is fond of calling "the common man"—the natural sympathy of an outdoor man, and naturally untainted by the slightest knowledge of the problems confronting the denizens of the slums of New York, Philadelphia, and Detroit. He personifies that remnant of frontier romance which still survives in a rubber-cushioned republic. A sound man, with distinct limitations. He will buy no more gold bricks from William Randolph Hearst—and few if any from anyone else. Once is enough.

The Drama as a Social Force*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ALL of us are, I believe, agreed in assuming that the theater both can and ought to have some influence on society. Nevertheless, my position may seem to you a little ambiguous, and I must begin by confessing frankly that I have not been particularly enthusiastic about most of the plays recently written by radicals of one complexion or another. I was not, to be quite specific, enthusiastic about "Steel" or about "1931," and I certainly preferred certain other works far less earnest in intention than either of these.

Once, after I had failed to be impressed with the merits of a radical's play, he denounced me in his magazine as a "bourgeois decadent." Now I do not know exactly what a bourgeois decadent is, so I am not sure whether or not that is what I am. But of one thing I am sure. If to be capable of thinking a play bad even though it does attempt to express radical social ideas is to be a bourgeois decadent, then that is what I am. I believe that I am capable of making some distinction between expression and content, and I believe that the ability to make such a distinction is important. I will go farther, and add that though the

defense of a certain social tendency in a play is perfectly legitimate and often highly valuable, I do not believe all plays which fail to concern themselves with such matters are worthless. Nor can I share the attitude of those who are ready to wave aside every work of art which deals with what they call contemptuously the "problems of the individual." I believe, even, that individual life and private problems are interesting and important. And again I say that if to believe that is to be a bourgeois decadent then I am one.

But let us get down a little closer to the specific problem with which this organization is concerned. I have said that I would be interested in good plays with a social message, and I have said also that I did not care for most of the radical plays recently produced in New York. And the most general reason why I do not care for them is that, though a play may have a message, it is generally a bad play if the message is one which could be adequately conveyed by a simple argument. I have, moreover, an even more elementary objection to the plays to which I am referring, and that is that they are not even good propaganda. A pure artist who fails to attract the attention of an audience may say that the fault is not his. But a propagandist cannot say that, because his first purpose is to attract and to

* A speech made and broadcast at a luncheon sponsored by the League for Industrial Democracy.—EDITOR THE NATION.

convince an audience. His propaganda cannot possibly be good propaganda if it fails; and most radical plays have failed.

There are, I think, fairly simple reasons why they failed, and the first of these reasons is that they were not entertaining. I choose this fighting word deliberately. You will tell me that they did not intend to entertain. But if you are going to teach people in the theater you have got to get them into it first, and it is not possible to get them there unless the play is in some very broad sense of the word entertaining. I will go farther and be even more specific. The most obvious reason why these plays are not entertaining is that they have unhappy endings, or that, as you would say, they are "defeatist" plays. But they are also melodramas in the sense that they depend upon a simplified presentation of the hero and the villain, of good and evil, of right and wrong. And the first rule of melodrama is that the villain must be foiled and the hero triumphant. You can write a tragedy in which this does not obviously happen. But a tragedy is a very complex thing. It does not contain a simple lesson. Plays like "Steel" and "1931" are melodramas, and yet they violate the first rule of successful melodrama. The villain is not foiled. If I were going to write a propaganda melodrama I should make it end happily. The strike would succeed or the revolution would come off. And that, by the way, is the reason why political melodrama is successful in Russia. Their revolution came off and so their melodramas can come off also.

All this is very simple, but the chief point I want to make is not so simple. There is a deeper reason why the propaganda play is usually unsuccessful, and that is that its authors fail to understand the way in which the drama exerts its influence. That way is indirect rather than direct. It changes our ideas when we do not know that they are being changed. Its attitudes gradually modify our attitudes, and we are convinced without knowing that the playwright intended to convince us.

Consider, for example, one of the most obvious ways in which the drama of the very recent past has had its influence. During the last few years the general public has changed enormously its attitude toward sex. Doubtless the contemporary drama encouraged this change. But it did not do so chiefly through plays which directly argued that the attitude should be changed. It did so because playwrights wrote plays which may seem conventional in general structure, but which were written from so-called "advanced" points of view. Heroes were shown doing certain things, thinking in certain ways, and acting from certain motives which would not have appeared in earlier plays. Hence audiences gradually came to accept these thoughts and motives as normal and natural.

Thirty years ago it was an axiom of the theater that a "fallen woman" could not be a heroine, or, at least, that she had to be "punished for her sin." Obviously this is not true today. But the reason for the change is not to be found in plays written to prove that the old idea was unjust. The reason is that plays which seemed to be merely plays took it for granted that the "fallen woman" was an artificial bugaboo and so therefore did the audience.

Now apply this fact to a consideration of the role of the drama as a social force in influencing the ideas of the general public in its attitude toward labor and toward economic

change. The same condition will prevail. The drama will play its important role, not by arguing these questions directly, but by the presentation of human beings who feel and act on principles at present perhaps more or less unfamiliar or outlandish to general audiences. It will not always or perhaps usually concern itself directly with discussing social or economic questions. But even when it is merely drawing-room comedy its characters will incidentally reveal a general attitude toward life and society which will show the influence of new economic ideas, just as the characters in the drawing-room comedies of the last ten or fifteen years showed the influence of newer ideals in regard to sex. Today the dissenter or the radical is to most people a bugaboo not unlike the fallen woman of the old drama. He is someone vaguely outlandish if not merely dangerous. But even those playwrights who are not on his side are likely to be familiar with him, and increasingly he will get into their plays—not necessarily as a hero or a villain but as one of the possible varieties of the human being. In that way the general public will become familiar with him, it will lose its terror of him, it will assimilate such of his ideas as it wants to assimilate or is capable of assimilating.

What I am trying to say is, in other words, that the social influence of the theater is an insidious influence. The current drama of today makes, for example, for agnosticism. But it does not do so because it is concerned with attacks on God; it does so rather because God is generally left out of account and because it never occurs to most of the characters in most of the plays to try to pray themselves out of their difficulties. If the drama of tomorrow is socially radical it will be socially radical in a similar way—it will, that is to say, get its effect by what it takes for granted as much as by what it says.

When I have gone this far I have gone far enough, I think, to suggest how I believe those who are interested in encouraging the theater to exercise a social influence should go about their business. What they need is not the radical who has turned playwright but the playwright who has turned radical. Fundamentally, in other words, the drama is and must remain an art. That means that it must remain in the hands of the artist. And that means also that those of you who are interested rather in politics or economics than in art are going to get very impatient with the playwright. He will not seem to go far enough. He will be filled with doubts when you are filled with faith. He will turn aside to deal with all sorts of things which you regard as trivial and he will be seized with scruples which you cannot understand. You will be tempted to denounce him and to draft yourself to fill his job. But it won't work. Be patient with him and let him go his own way.

Ideas are afoot. Any playwright who is a good playwright cannot keep them out of his plays. Any playwright who is a good playwright cannot help but be a social force. And so I say in conclusion: Be grateful for *any* good playwright. Do not worry because he is not a member of your particular congregation. Do not quarrel with his political theories or his artistic theories. You do not need a Labor Playhouse and a Socialist Playhouse and a Communist Playhouse and a Trotskyist Playhouse and a Stalinist Playhouse. What you need is a *good* playhouse, and when you have got it, then your ideas, as well as everybody else's, will get in, one way or another. May the best man win.

In the Driftway

THE plan announced a month ago by the Society of Independent Artists to exchange—barter—art for goods or services has been put into effect at the show now being held at Grand Central Palace in New York. Each picture has been given a number; each person with service to barter for a picture has been indicated by a symbol—a blue circle for a doctor, a red heart for a suit of clothes, a silver star for an attorney, and so on. So far a number of exchanges have been made; one artist has traded a drawing for a suit; the tailor, by the way, has indicated half a dozen additional pictures for which he would offer clothing. A Madison Avenue dressmaker wants a dozen drawings; she offers gowns for them. John Sloan, president of the society, said of the plan: "Artists are always on the bread line, but this year they are in even worse straits than usual. . . . Dental services will be one of the most welcome media of exchange for works of art. Medical care and clothing will also be acceptable. Best of all, however, will be the offer of rent for six months or a year."

* * * * *

THIS strikes the Drifter as an admirable plan, and one that could well be carried into other professions and trades. Are you a house painter out of a job? Have you a daughter who wants to learn to sew or typewrite or play the piano? Have you a tooth that requires filling or a child with bronchitis or a wife who needs above everything a week's rest in the country? Then why not search out a teacher of sewing or piano, or a dentist who at present works all day on the teeth of cash customers without cash, or a doctor, or the keeper of a select convalescent home, and effect an exchange of services? The field that opens up for the skilled artisan, swopping off his time for the professional skill of the man of science, the barter that could go on between the expert cook, the accomplished seamstress, the plumber, the carpenter, the mason, as well as the artist, and those persons whose professional services are necessary to them but beyond their means, is unlimited. In Taos, New Mexico, this plan has been tried with much success, only, because Taos is a simple community whose wealth is largely goods, blankets are bartered for corn, beans for fruit, and so on, instead of there being an exchange of professional or artistic accomplishments. The Drifter would have said that such a scheme would not work in New York City. But now he is not so sure. For after all, what a man has to sell is his time and his skill. There is probably no reason, in the most complicated and populous societies, why he cannot sell that time for something else than money. Money is nothing but a symbol; when the symbol is lacking, that which it symbolizes still exists and can be used in the general process of exchange.

* * * * *

THE Drifter regrets exceedingly that he himself has nothing to sell, to further this admirable idea. He might offer Six Lessons in Drifting; All Professional Secrets Revealed; Complete and Specific Directions for Living a Life Without Work, in exchange for two gold inlays, a pair

of shoes, and a little cabinet work—but he fears there would be no takers. For the workmen of skill and talent who have something concrete to offer, the opportunities would seem to be boundless.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

War, Jail, and Glory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I noticed in *The Nation* of March 23 a letter from two students in California. I agree heartily with these students. I strongly support their protest against wars—started by old men, but fought by young men. All the young people of the United States should be prepared to "war against war." It is high time that the youth of the nation should have a say in this matter, for it is they who are slaughtered in useless and stupid wars caused nine times out of ten by the greed and selfishness of a group of old men—looking out for their own interests.

The last war proved that wars do not better the world. Look around you—at the unemployment, the starved people, the crippled soldiers. Everywhere you go you hear of misery—families having to start all over again to get their fundamental needs. What is the cause of all this? A war was the cause of this.

But the youth of the nation will not again be bullied into marching off to be killed, maimed, and wrecked mentally and spiritually. We have had enough of this stupidity. We would far rather go to jail than go to another war—in fact, we would be proud to go to jail. There is no disgrace in going to jail for a good cause. But there is all the disgrace in the world in going off to kill—for the sake of the everlasting dollar.

Riverdale, N. Y., March 25 JOHN STUART RANKIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not a student or a worker, nor do I bear any other distinctions; I am just an enthusiastic youth, enthusiastic particularly about the proposal made by Vesta MacDonald and Robert P. Utter, Jr., in *The Nation* of March 23.

In my enthusiasm I go farther than those young persons who condemn war and utter a refusal to participate in any activity related to war. In a few years, unfortunately, I must pay directly, through taxes, for the extravagances of the last war. To say nothing of "consequent effects" which have disrupted the social mechanism.

A few months ago my attitude on this subject was still lukewarm. At that time a disabled war veteran showed me some photographs of the "horrors" of war. To these "horrors" I am now indifferent, but the realization that some fool diplomat or crazy imperialist may provoke their recurrence has made me unconditionally opposed to war. Suppose we consider the glories of war. Is it romantic to stand up and be shot down? The redeeming feature of war before "civilized warfare" became the fashion was the opportunity it furnished for hand-to-hand combat and the test of a man's strength and skill, but modern methods of slaughter deny us even that.

I join with Mr. Utter and Miss MacDonald in disliking war; I step a pace farther in denouncing it; and I add my voice to theirs in encouraging our thinking youth to organize in protest and wage our "peaceful war to end war" by that most simple expedient—blank refusal. The silly stigma of jail and cowardice is glory compared with the mental decrepitude that encourages war.

New York, March 25

A. B.

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The common impression that social work is primarily concerned with salvaging unfortunates is only partly correct. Social work is concerned not only with normalizing the socially maladjusted individual but also with *building up a happier and culturally richer community life*. In Jewish social work the opportunities for constructive work are especially numerous and promising.

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THE LIFE OF EMERSON

By VAN WYCK BROOKS 4th printing, \$3.00

JOHN MACY says in his front-page feature review in the *N. Y. Times*; "Emerson seems to belong to us, to have touched our lives with prophetic pertinence. Mr. Brooks brings him still nearer, because this critical biographer is one of the wise young voices of our time, and in this book he speaks the best word he has yet spoken. In Brooks's pages, you meet Emerson on the road, and up your spirits go, soaring aloft in the light of that quiet glory."

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Finance

"Soaking" the Stock Market

THE revenue bill, as it emerged from the House of Representatives after having been largely rewritten on the floor, carried no reassurance to apprehensive Wall Street. Satisfaction over the prospect of balancing the national budget (if, indeed, it turns out to be in balance) was swallowed up in alarm over the methods employed to attain this much-desired result. Congress laid heavy hands upon the stock market itself in its search for revenue. The House bill proposes to levy a tax of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent upon the value of all stock transferred—an impost which was at once declared to be confiscatory and ruinous, and which at the least is likely to bring about a considerable shrinkage in the volume of trading and possibly in values.

On a purchase of one hundred shares of United States Steel common stock at \$40 a share, or a total of \$4,000, the tax would be \$10. In addition, New York State has recently doubled its long-standing stamp tax of two cents a share, making another charge of \$4 on the hundred-share transaction. Add to this the customary brokerage commissions (in this case, \$15) and interest, and it will be seen that the prior charges which must be met before speculative or investment profits begin to accumulate come to a considerable amount. In addition, the ownership of common stocks, which three years ago was regarded as Axiom Number 1 for those who would grow wealthy, promises to be made still less attractive by the imposition of the normal income tax upon dividends. Hitherto such payments have been exempt on the theory that the income tax levied upon the paying corporation, which is now to be increased from 12 to 13½ per cent (15 per cent in the case of consolidated corporate returns), entitled the recipient of dividends to exemption from the normal tax. But at the last moment it was discovered that another \$88,000,000 of revenue was apparently needed and the normal tax on dividends was clapped on.

Regardless of the ultimate justice of the proposed levies, the manner in which they were arrived at does not encourage confidence in the fiscal result. For example, the tax of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent upon transfers is estimated to produce an annual revenue of \$75,000,000. Transactions on the New York Stock Exchange in February totaled 31,716,267 shares, and the average value of the listed shares was \$20. On this basis of volume and values the tax during a year would produce about \$19,000,000. If the amount be doubled to include dealings on other exchanges, we have \$38,000,000, with no allowance made for possible dwindling of volume due to the imposition of the tax itself, or for a possible further fall in prices.

All through the hurried proceedings in the House, during the framing of the bill, there was in evidence a startling outcropping of the "diffusion" theory of taxation, which holds that any sort of tax will eventually get itself equated among the public, through "repercussion," in a way which will fairly correspond with ability to pay. Mr. Garner, in his plea for a balanced budget, gave utterance to this idea, as did other leaders. If Mr. Garner's and Mr. La Guardia's followers subscribed to this view, why did they waste any time trying to "soak the rich," since they must inevitably soak the poor proportionately? The answer is, of course, that no thinking individual, free of emotion, accepts this easy-going fatalism with regard to the incidence of taxation. The country will find no such facile way of solving its tax problem, and the Senate, in revamping the House measure, will deserve well of the country if it recognizes this fact.

S. PALMER HARMAN

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Books, Art, Music, Drama

Bar of Shade

By MARIE DE L. WELCH

I know that man remembers, and is always afraid;
But of beasts I shall never know
That fear comes with them from the wood into the meadow,
Browses with them, and turns with them as they go.
The porcupine may walk in eternal danger
With terror trembling ready at the base of its quills,
The deer may range as country of pits and darkness
The smooth bright hills—
But I see the calm strolling porcupine,
I see the bold and brilliant running deer,
And I may believe that fear will never mark them,
That they elude it with the cause of fear.
Once they have gone free of the terrible hunter
It is as though they had never been afraid;
They are no more marked by going through terror
Than I am marked walking through a bar of shade.

Daugherty Explains All

The Inside Story of the Harding Tragedy. By Harry M. Daugherty in Collaboration with Thomas Dixon. New York: The Churchill Company. \$3.50.

THE writer of this review once had the pleasure of driving out of public life an acting lieutenant governor of New York State by a publication of his grafting proclivities. This gentleman, appearing suddenly in the writer's office before his trial, proclaimed his innocence by saying: "I have an eighty-year-old mother. You can ask her about it. She *knows* I could not do wrong!" This incident is recalled by Harry Daugherty's defense of Harding. He knew Harding better than anyone else and so he *knows* that Harding could not have done the things laid at his door. This is the burden of most of his argumentation in his effort to prove that Harding was spotless and he himself as pure as snow and probably the best Attorney General in our history—he is sure that Harding and he together saved America from the reds in 1922.

Then, too, the public will be interested to learn that there was a great conspiracy to crush the government of the United States. Borah was, and is, part of it; "for," so Daugherty writes, "the corruption of his mind by communistic theories had already set in" (his recent demand that the rich must feed the unemployed is the latest proof of this). As for Senators Wheeler and Brookhart, those ignoble persecutors of the good and kind Harry—why, Wheeler is "the Communist leader in the Senate," and both, when they began their attacks, "had just returned from a state call on the Communist leaders in their Russian Capitol. They were received in the inner Soviet circles as 'comrades' and came back to the United States to praise their teachers." And not only that. Immediately thereafter, when Wheeler moved a resolution for a special committee to investigate Harry, "every charge in its wording was a lie out of whole cloth and Wheeler knew they were lies when he wrote them."

When a book contains statements like this, the temptation is merely to throw it on the rubbish heap. It is, however, perhaps fair to record here that Daugherty throws what he calls light upon a number of episodes in Harding's career, and that

his views may be taken as the official defense of the Ohio Gang to the unending charges against it. From that point of view Daugherty's book has a certain historical value, though it is, of course, to be read in the light of the established facts. As for Harding, for example, Daugherty assures us that he was not picked for the Presidential nomination by an early-morning conclave of the bosses in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, but solely as a result of Daugherty's clever political strategy, plus his tireless zeal and Harding's transcendent merits; that Hoover was placed in the Cabinet en route to the Presidency as a result of a deal between Knox and Penrose on the one hand and Daugherty on the other—"You let Hoover in and I'll get Andy Mellon in"; that A. B. Fall won his place in the Cabinet by sending to Harding a forged telegram signed by Daugherty's name urging his (Fall's) appointment. Besides Mellon and Hoover, Daugherty, it appears, was also responsible for the appointment of Hughes—on the ground that as Hughes and Harding were both Baptists they would be congenial spirits in the government! "Your temperaments are sympathetic. He'll like you and you will like him."

Daugherty, it is further to be noted, believes that his acceptance of the Attorney Generalship was "the tragic blunder of my life"—as to which there will be universal agreement. He declares that Borah killed General Wood's chances for the Presidency; that Gaston B. Means was never in the White House (although he claims to have been Mrs. Harding's body-guard); that Mrs. Harding always adored her husband; and that Harding was not the father of Nan Britton's child (as to this he makes two or three really telling arguments). Finally it is to be noted that Daugherty—according to Daugherty—alone made possible Coolidge's nomination.

Two more extracts from this chronicle will suffice. The first is on Russia:

In this new paradise of communism, the human race is reduced in theory and practice to the level of a herd of hogs. I call it the lowest, the most degrading, the most bestial nightmare the human mind has ever conceived.

And then this:

Harding's place in history is secure. When the last obscene literary scavenger has uttered his dying howl, the figure of one of the knightliest, gentlest, truest men who ever lived in the White House will emerge from the din of slander and take his rightful place in the hearts of our people.

Now will you deny that this is a great, a moving book, and a complete vindication of both Harry Daugherty and Warren Harding?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Sainte-Beuve

Sainte-Beuve: A Literary Portrait. By William Frederick Giese. University of Wisconsin Studies. \$2.

PROFESSOR GIESE begins his "portrait" of Sainte-Beuve with a lament for the bad estate into which that writer has fallen. It is, of course, an amiable weakness of authors to imagine that their subjects are slighted and undervalued, but in this case the author's lament is justified by the fact. For Sainte-Beuve, in English-speaking countries at least, is no longer a living influence. He is not unread but he is no longer vitally in mind.

In the face of Sainte-Beuve's genius, this is disconcerting. For if one considers Sainte-Beuve's endowments apart from their effect, one must see that they are bright and preeminent. Gifted with an extraordinary charm and with a great novelist's

sureness of insight, Sainte-Beuve can give us, as no one else, the very essence of a writer's personality and work. His taste in the amenity of language is impeccable. He abounds in the shrewdest *aperçus*. He alone possesses the qualities of scholarship and imagination which in Port-Royal reconstructed not merely the Jansenist sect but the whole intellectual life of a nation through its most productive century.

It is a question of some moment why interest should have fallen away from a man so richly endowed. Professor Giese has the material for answering this question under his hand; he draws no conclusions from it because he is too academically concerned with Sainte-Beuve's talent and beauties *in vacuo*, and refuses to test them in their relevance to the world. The answer may be inferred, however, from one of Professor Giese's own sentences: "[Sainte-Beuve] enters the sacred precincts of literature as a gentleman enters a salon, with the intention of pleasing and being pleased, of finding and imparting charm."

That is, Sainte-Beuve considered literature with a well-bred and intelligent anarchism. "I take pride in being nothing in particular," he wrote. And again: "Let us be philosophers and even have a philosophy, but let us not insist on any particular philosophy." This anarchistic attitude of Sainte-Beuve's is one of the best-approved attitudes of criticism, and for its exercise and enunciation Sainte-Beuve has won much of his praise. Its advantages are too well known to be canvassed here. Its disadvantages are less often set forth. They are all implied in the sentence from Balzac: "It is not enough to be a man: one must be a system; it is not enough to think: one must think in a direction."

Sainte-Beuve was a gifted man: he refused to be a system. He thought brilliantly but in no direction. In his youth he went through all the systematic doctrines of his time—romanticism, catholicism, socialism, positivism. He came to doubt them all, and thereafter refused to pledge his belief. "There is not," he wrote, "so far as I know, in these days a point of view central enough to enable one . . . to embrace the infinite variety [of life]." And so he came to insist upon the critic's indifference to subject matter, upon the comparability of the critic with the actor, assuming a new role with each new author. In short, he is the perfect example of Matthew Arnold's Hellenism: he shows its disinterestedness, its curiosity, its mobility, its refusal of "Jacobinism," of system-making.

Today the rights, duties, and functions of the critic have been called so complicatedly into doubt that it is wise to be tentative in discussing them. Yet one ventures to suggest that the loss of relevance which Sainte-Beuve has suffered, and which his charm and insight cannot quite compensate for, is the result of his refusal to systematize, to pledge his faith, to admix his Hellenic light with the Hebraic fire of Jacobinism. Arnold saw this flaw in his master and sought to excuse it on the same ground as that on which Sainte-Beuve explained it: the times afforded no central point. Yet Arnold himself, who shared with Sainte-Beuve a point of view based on the enfeebled nineteenth-century idea of the wisdom of the Greeks (skepticism, charm, moderation, amenity) was able to generalize that point of view into a system. He brought it to bear on politics, on religion, on the content of literature as well as the form. In short, unlike Sainte-Beuve, he not only sought the "best" but sought to make it "prevail." Consequently, he is today still a very living writer: we quarrel with him, we may even laugh at him a little, but we read him and think about him. And Sainte-Beuve, with far more insight and natural talent, tempts us to no quarrels, is a little dead.

Certainly, under the aspect of eternity no system is true, but under the aspect of human intelligence it is only by systems that intellectual or social progress is made. No system gives immunity from stupidity; all must be wielded by persons adapted to their use, and often enough a system is a trap. But system-

atic criticism has at least two great advantages: first, that the unequivocal knowledge that we have of the critic's premises will prevent his invoking intangible standards of "taste" and "beauty"; second, that the avowed emphasis which every system has will serve to pick out certain hitherto undiscerned features of a work—and since no critical light can disclose all features with equal clarity, we should welcome a method which makes certain features especially clear, checking our results with the knowledge that our illumination, though good, is special.

The advantages of this method may be tested, for example, in the criticism of T. S. Eliot. Although we may dismiss his Anglo-Catholic standpoint as sterile enough, we know from what point he starts. Although we may say that his emphases are false and his distinctions gratuitous, he at least gives us emphases and distinctions which we may consider, to adopt or reject. Or again, in America, though Marxian (or its dilution, "sociological") criticism may not yet have matured, and though it may still be used inflexibly and with insufficient scholarship, yet as a critical system it promises, in maturity, to provide emphases that are relevant, distinctions that are important, and assumptions that are effective and lasting tools.

LIONEL TRILLING

An Immigrant's Discoveries

Laughing in the Jungle. The Autobiography of an Immigrant in America. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

ON the last day of 1913 Louis Adamic landed in America. He came from a little village in Carniola, part of what is now Yugoslavia, not as an ordinary immigrant in search of a promised land, but as an adventurer, an explorer. Back home in Carniola he had heard Peter Molek talk. Peter Molek had come home from America, an old man at forty-five, broken by asthma and rheumatism and poverty, one of the nameless "hunkies" whose youth lay buried in Pennsylvania steel mills and West Virginia coal mines. Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" was his bible, and stray copies of the *Appeal to Reason* his hymnal. He spoke of how he looked up at the tall steel buildings that lined the streets of New York: "I realized that there was much of our work and strength, my own work and strength, frozen in the greatness of New York and in the greatness of America. I felt that although I was going home to Blato, I was actually leaving myself in America."

America, then, was the place for young Adamic. He had already been thrown out of a government school into jail for participating in a student revolt against Austria. He could not work on the farm with his father. The world was a large place and Carniola was merely a small dot on the map of Central Europe. America was a terrifying continent of cities where millions were ground into mincemeat and the fortunate few, adventurous and strong, lived in skyscrapers and ruled the land. It was a place where anything might happen, and if you were sane you would stand aside and laugh at all the strangeness, at gunmen, millionaires, movie actresses, all racing at top speed in nickel-plated limousines.

This was the country that Adamic came to see, to explore, to admire. He was not disappointed. Soon after landing he secured a job on a Slavonic newspaper. He saw his people, the "hunkies," swallowed up, lost in mining towns, in steel mills. His own revenge was laughter—it was better to say nothing, to keep intact what sanity he had learned at home, the peasant's wisdom that sprang from Carniolan soil.

Louis Adamic's autobiography is a vivid close-up of the America he saw from New York westward to Los Angeles and back again, but like most close-ups flashed upon the screen,

there are occasional distortions and highly magnified details that seem irrelevant. Adamic himself is a bit camera shy, and directs his observation upon certain individuals he has met in the course of his journey up and down the continent. His analysis of the social behavior of two temporary radicals, Steve Radin, a fellow-Yugoslavian, and Lonie Burton, a young American, is thrown out of focus; one cannot accept their futility as typical of the American social radical. These distortions, which are heavily influenced by a philosophy rapidly acquired from H. L. Mencken, do not destroy the validity of other observations in the book. Adamic's portrait of a Bohunk woman, Mrs. Tanasich, is excellent. Like Peter Molek, Mrs. Tanasich and her four husbands are victims of American civilization, lost in the new world of steel mills and, for the proletariat, industrial poverty. She believed that people were good but that they had created a bad world which in turn had made them bad. The climax of Adamic's war experience—and this chapter serves as a brilliant climax to the entire book—is the story of Jack Kipps, an I. W. W., the man who "assassinated" Woodrow Wilson. The sketch of the I. W. W. reception of President Wilson in Seattle shows Adamic's reportorial ability at its best, and in his treatment of this particular episode we are given an adequate background for John Dos Passos's "biography" of Wilson in "1919."

Perhaps the "jungle" that Adamic has discovered in America, when viewed from the perspective of his own maturity, will resolve into a special kind of order. In any case one is certain that his future work will carry forward the promise of this autobiography, and will continue to be healthy, vigorous, and provocative.

HORACE GREGORY

Systems of Criminal Law

Criminal Justice in England. By Pendleton Howard. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THIS account of English criminal-law administration will doubtless surprise even most American lawyers. The United States is supposed to be a common-law country, and hence it is generally assumed that American legal institutions are more or less faithful copies of English prototypes. Now, certainly as far as the American criminal law is concerned, this is a myth. In many respects it is more closely affiliated with the European than the English system. The criminal jury, as the result of the growing application of summary jurisdiction in England, is rapidly vanishing there, while in the United States it is still a very popular institution, and it has been increasingly accepted in European countries since the early years of the nineteenth century. American States, in the office of the district attorney, and European countries, in the office of the public prosecutor, both have unified systems of public prosecution. On the other hand, in England the fundamental theory of prosecution is still reminiscent of the medieval system of private composition, which made it the duty of relatives to avenge the wrongs of a kinsman, for the English law still allows any private individual to begin a public prosecution. To be sure, in accordance with the traditional English habit, the system has been profoundly transformed without being totally abolished. Thus a Director of Public Prosecution has been created to prosecute in many cases. But there are still not only private prosecutions, but also prosecutions by the police, by the Treasury Solicitor, and by the law officers of the crown, not to mention municipal and county authorities. Moreover, there is no uniformity of practice throughout England.

On paper the English system seems very inefficient in comparison with the American, but as everyone knows, the very reverse is the truth. This fact alone should serve to dispose of

the theorists who place their faith in reforming American criminal justice by adopting new and beautiful modes of procedure. The present techniques would do very well if there were a general will to make them work by driving out the politicians and giving the police a free hand. A comparative view of the English and American experience should also confute the school which believes that American troubles have lain in the failure to "adapt" seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English legal institutions to modern American needs. In most crucial respects the American criminal law has been properly adapted for many long decades.

Mr. Howard's method of treatment is in the main descriptive. He sticks close to the facts, which makes his account very valuable. Unfortunately, however, by way of concluding analysis he emphasizes the classic distinction between the European and the Anglo-American systems of prosecution, which is supposed to be that the former is "inquisitorial" while the latter is "accusatorial." In the inquisitorial system, which is of ecclesiastical origin, the theory is that the state must prosecute through its officials, and that these, even the judges, are not impartial but must use all means in their power to secure conviction, with the result that in its heyday the inquisitorial system led to torture and the suppression of rights of confrontation and publicity. In the accusatorial system, the individual is supposed to prosecute, and the trial is open and public, with the state acting merely as umpire. It is obvious that neither system exists any longer in any recognizable state. In the possession of a public prosecutor the American system is inquisitorial, and to the extent that the English system provides for public prosecutions it is so too. On the other hand, although France has a public prosecutor, prosecutions by private persons are now also allowed there, so that to this extent its system is "accusatorial." The introduction of the jury on the Continent has also undermined the inquisitorial nature of criminal procedure. If the French *juge d'instruction* proceeds in secret, it simply means that he is combining the functions of police and committing magistrate. Certainly in practice the American third degree is no better. There would seem to be no further purpose in maintaining the old scholastic distinction. At most there exist only mixed systems, which is to say that they are not systems at all.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Pueblo Life

Ancient Life in the American Southwest. By Edgar L. Hewett. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

IT is odd how few of the many books dealing with the fascinating native peoples of our American Southwest, the Indians of the pueblos and their neighbors, answer just the questions which are first on the lips of the seasonally swelling stream of tourists, who have at last discovered the interest of the region. There are books, romantic or informative, on the tribes and their customs; there are books descriptive of missions and ruins; there are scientific treatises on Southwestern archaeology; and there are pamphlets and volumes on social aspects of the Indian problem; but the inquisitive visitor, asking in each of these directions with a steadier curiosity than a Harvey-tour courier can satisfy, has been up to the moment without any resource in the way of a genuine guide to the pueblos and the problems of their past history and their present policy.

Dr. Hewett fills this need with his excellent volume. It is entitled "Ancient Life," but this does not mean that it refers simply to ruins and antiquities. As a matter of fact, only half the volume is devoted to the Realm of the Pick and the Spade, as the archaeological division is entitled, while a near third of

it is devoted to a description of the living Indian groups, to their history, folklore, social conditions, and to their amazing present-day artistic development—surely one of the most striking aesthetic movements of our day. Dr. Hewett entitled this descriptive division *Contemporary Ancestry*, meaning, as the reviewer gathers, to indicate (what is a fact) that the Pueblo Indians of today are living virtually the life which was that of their forefathers during the pre-Columbian centuries, and this is not radically different in either condition or spirit from the life of our own ancestral stocks before the fates had stamped them with our metalead civilization. Certainly there are few places on earth, in our own hour, that can bring us back so convincingly to what must have been pre-dynastic Egypt or Troy I or II as can, say, such a river-valley village as Santo Domingo or such an acropolis as Acoma. Dr. Hewett is eminently sane and sound in setting his emphasis upon the continuity of this antique culture, tinged by Spanish and veneered by Anglo-American elements, but in essence what it was in the days when Puyé and Chetro Ketl and Pecos were great towns in their own right and the visible mountains were the margins of their worlds. And he is again right in insisting that the one path to a comprehension of the ruins—only the edges of which have as yet been uncovered—is through study of the living peoples who still carry on the traditions of the ancient builders.

The author is a long-recognized investigator in this field of American research, and perhaps more than any other its founder; he has familiarized himself with the terrain from Colorado to Guatemala, and is a pioneer in the topographical analysis of the foundations of the culture, as well as in the local work of the many "digs" which have been directed or prompted by him. More than all, he has been the first in America, so far as the reviewer knows, to recognize with encouragement and guidance the Indian's genius for art, and to him is greatly due the renaissance of Pueblo art which has now attained to a world-wide fame. But it is technically in none of these fields that he speaks in this book; rather his purpose is to bring the whole background of his experience to the supplying of just such information as the aroused mind will call for, and this he does with a colloquial freedom that gives everywhere the impression of conversation, on an interesting and vivid topic. The book is handsomely illustrated with photographs, including some that were taken of excavations in process two years ago—for the "Ancient Life" is seen in its most recent light.

H. B. ALEXANDER

A Modern Cycle of Chivalry

A Glastonbury Romance. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

THE jacket shows a likeness of Mr. Powys, a distinguished face which strikes one as that of a highly refined Piltdown Man—what with its simian jaw, hair that is like a species of curling grass, and eyes which look intently from a darkness as of the mouth of a cave. And Mr. Powys's mental qualities seem, indeed, those of a man who was born some four thousand years ago and has been living ever since. Living, it may be added—and in this he differs from a host of Miniver Cheevys and romantic antiquarians—with a green undiminished zest for the continuous present. So it is appropriate that Mr. Powys should choose as the setting of a formidable romance a plot of English soil out of which he may invoke ethnological presences from layer after layer of Christian, Arthurian, and pre-Arthurian sediment. This setting is modern Glastonbury.

Less intimate than "Wolf Solent," with its characters more impersonal and more subdued to action and setting, a formi-

dable romance it still is: mustering through 1,174 tall pages a whole village-full of people in a cycle of modern loves and quests. Backstairs and drawing-room are equally represented—loafers, capitalists, Communists, laborers, children, and petite bourgeoisie; misers, saints, and sinners. For metaphysical accompaniment to this interplay Mr. Powys calls upon almost every known form of belief, from the most primitive animism to communistic impersonalism—including ancestor-worship, idolatry, Christianity, worship of sun and moon, exorcism, self-immolation. It is one of Mr. Powys's most flavorful qualities, this seemingly innocent hospitality toward any sort of channel of the human spirit. Just as it is his engaging practice to enter into as with joy every kind of vagrant human impulse—of dalliance, lust, love, passion, obsession, mania.

In all this matching of an unseen platonic form with every physical event, it cannot be said, however, that Mr. Powys is uniformly persuasive. There are times when the confluence of seen and unseen strike one as somewhat routine, out of the author's standard position rather than from a newly felt intuition. But in a work of such length pages of duller sensibility are to be expected. And there are many scenes when the landscape, the weather, the spiritual background, and the passions of people do merge with powerful effect. Hardly another writer today has so intense a feeling for English earth, a feeling which again and again gives to particular places—river thickets, hillsides, fields, and even particular trees and stones—a loving evocation such as children wrap about the familiar features of their dooryards. No reader will forget the tremendous picture of Stonehenge which appears in the early pages of this book.

And what redeems Mr. Powys's insistent platonism—disarming, I should think, even to a behaviorist—is a certain puckish humor, a gleeful aberration, which allows to intrude upon the most exalted moments some earth-returning detail. Even at that moment when the Grail is visioned by a young man sitting in an old scow by the river bank, the sacred vessel is seen containing a darkish water in which swims a fish, and the desperate cry that rises up from the awestruck youth is, "Christ! Is it a tench?"

Naturally the reappearance of various Arthurian features in a modern story sets the author very difficult projects, not the least of which is the portrait of a Merlinish sort of prophet. With this "Bloody Johnny" Geard, an extraordinary phlegmatic, hydrocephalic individual who usually manages to be absent, or absent-minded, during the most crucial occasions of the story, I think he has been extremely successful. It is Geard who gives a hint of the meaning of the Grail in this modern narrative, and it is one which should be something of a shock to Lord Tennyson in his grave. For it has to do a good deal more with human love than with divine aspirations.

But I believe I am right in seeing that this meaning has already been exemplified in the various love affairs which thread the story, and which, in spite of the heavy fanfare of supernaturalism, are the real heart of the book. What it takes "Holy Sam," the Galahadish youth, a vision of the Grail to make clear to him, John Crow and Tom Barter and Lady Rachel and Owen Evans have already proved to themselves in successful mating. It is a modern sort of ideal of mutual joy and respect in sexual union, relieving women as much from the ethereal emptiness of idolization in a tower casement as from the debased couch of merely momentary satisfaction. This, I think, is Mr. Powys's modern version of chivalry, objectified in "A Glastonbury Romance," as it was more personally recorded in "Wolf Solent." And it is a conception which I suspect has had more than a little to do with the reconciliation of this occult Piltdown Man to the modern world. Certainly it has given weight to these last two books.

FERNER NUHN

Art

The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti

BEN SHAHN'S exhibition of twenty-three gouaches called *The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti*, on view at the Downtown Gallery until April 17, is disappointing. A "passion" should mean a narration of sufferings leading to a sacrifice, but this series fails to give any idea of the importance of the agony of Sacco and Vanzetti. It might have been called *The Agonies of Nature*, for it consists of clever satires of human types. There are a policeman, some government officials, a judge, some prominent citizens, and some dilapidated men and women. Most of them are made without clichés; they are amusing; and they illustrate what would seem to be a sound point of view, namely, that the human race is too prevalent at present. But to partisans of Sacco and Vanzetti they must seem flippant. They do not in any way express what these men were to themselves or are to us. The artist has failed to realize any of the emotional or idealistic significances of the martyrdom, nor has he built an interesting hierarchy of characters. His drama rests on personalities, but these personalities have no dramatic division. While the authorities seem brutishly insolent, the underdogs seem brutishly stupid. The real motivation of the pictures is a type of nihilism, whereas the martyrdom of Sacco and Vanzetti grew from the clashing positivisms of the rulers and the risers. Shahn, however genuinely ambitious he may be to do so, is not the artist to interpret Sacco and Vanzetti. He is too much concerned with the cleverness of his outlook and his craft. If one considers his art from the point of view of his subject, it is not powerful. If one considers it from that of art, there are some agreeable things one can say about it. But why choose a subject like Sacco and Vanzetti if one is not prepared to become a propagandist? Callot, Goya, Daumier, Thomas Nast—all had the ability to invent symbols expressive of their subjects. Shahn has not shown that ability. Until his feelings are more passionate, more spontaneous, and more partisan he cannot create those eloquent symbols which are typical of an art deeply concerned with affairs.

WALTER GUTMAN

Music

Making Handel Louder

WHEN Mr. Bruno Walter played a Handel Concerto Grosso at one of his early concerts this season, he did not hesitate to mix his centuries quite freely—and it seemed to me quite indiscriminately. He conducted from the keyboard in good eighteenth-century style; but the keyboard at which he sat belonged to a modern caricature of the harpsichord Handel used. And the conditions that once made conducting from the keyboard appropriate—a small orchestra in a small hall—were entirely absent, the former by Mr. Walter's choice. By using several times as many stringed instruments as Handel had, the modern conductor undoubtedly comes closer to preserving a proper proportion between the number of his performers and the size of his hall than by using an orchestra of eighteenth-century size. But at the same time he swamps his flutes and oboes so that the essential lines of the polyphony are often lost in a mass of luscious tone.

Sir Thomas Beecham, in his version of sundry pieces by Handel gathered into a ballet suite for Diaghilev, compensated

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for the increased strings by augmenting the wind sections proportionately. If one admits that a larger hall needs a larger orchestra, Sir Thomas's method of increasing its size is perhaps the best one. While adding many instruments, and producing a bigger and richer sonority than any Handel knew, he eschews the post-Wagnerian color effects that abound in the transcriptions of Stokowski and Respighi, for example. But the point is, I think, that into any such dressing up of old music there enters necessarily a considerable element of personal taste and discretion, which more or less cloud the composer's intentions. The trouble is that when one begins to tinker with the original instrumentation, one alters not only the proportions of one instrument or group to another, but the formal outlines of the piece itself. One cannot simply make the original louder—one has to pick and choose the places and the means for reinforcement, and the result can never really be a reproduction of the original, though I think Sir Thomas Beecham's arrangements kept very close to the spirit of Handel.

It is not long since Mr. Koussevitzky showed us again how unnecessary this reconstruction is, however. One had to listen a bit more attentively, perhaps, to the Bach B-Minor suite, when he played it with a dozen instruments or so—one of them a true harpsichord—and let the acoustics take care of themselves. But even in the great spaces of Carnegie Hall it was perfectly apparent, I think, that eighteenth-century music is clearer, truer, and more effective unamplified than when put through the various loud speakers of Messrs. Walter, Beecham, and Stokowski.

On the same program with the Handel suite Sir Thomas played two pieces by Delius, the Fourth Symphony of Dvorak, and Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," named in the terribly descending order of their quality, and just as terribly ascending order of their lengthiness—so I have no means of telling whether he is as good a conductor as he seems. One does not have to look on Delius as an English composer—he was born of German parents, got his training in Germany and America, and has lived half his life in France—to be glad Sir Thomas and his countrymen have taken up the Delius cause. Perhaps some other English composers—Elgar among them—are not so great as contemporary English criticism would have them. But Sir Thomas's neglect of them would be easier to understand if he did not clutter up his programs with such claptrap as "Francesca da Rimini" or such worthy but unimportant stuff as Dvorak's Fourth. If he had played some unfamiliar English music (not much is familiar), we should at least have found out whether we wanted to hear it again. Not many of us were in doubt about "Francesca da Rimini."

I don't suppose one would be very happy about a production like the Russian Opera Company's "Coq d'Or," or even a much better one, if it were given at the Metropolitan. But the pleasant thing about events like these is going to a performance with the foreknowledge that it will be certainly inadequately rehearsed, very possibly badly cast, probably shabbily mounted, and undoubtedly furnished with a very sketchy accompaniment; and finding, nevertheless, that the gusto of the performance carries it through quite successfully, and that the atmosphere of impromptu theatricals does not at all interfere with a very pleasant musical evening. The faults are there, of course, but they, and the difficulties one knows must stand in the way of a company assembled, like this one, for one week in the year, chiefly emphasize the quite substantial excellences. A performance like that of Mr. Panteleiev as the king would do credit to a much more conspicuous stage; and if not all the others would, most of them do credit to this one. As for "Boris Godounov" and "Khovanschina"—one is thankful for an opportunity to hear them at all, and to catch more than a hint of beauties one has no other chance even to glimpse.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Alas, Poor Yorick!

IT is difficult to know how to begin an account of "Too True to Be Good" (Guild Theater). No previous Shaw play is in general so poor, and yet, in a very special sense, nothing he ever wrote before is so impressive as this. All too obviously the playwright is old and weary. He writes certain passages of dialogue so stodgy and so dull that one can hardly believe that they flowed from his once sprightly pen. Worse than that, he has conceived a trivial fable so preposterously managed that the veriest tyro would know that it could not possibly be performed in any tolerable manner. Yet when I left the theater with the last despairing speech still ringing in my ears I was moved as I have seldom been moved by any theatrical performance. The old man—for he is old now—had stripped himself bare, and one felt impelled to say the very last thing one ever expected to say of a play by Bernard Shaw—"This is a cry from the heart."

The first act of the strange melange is merely silly. The second is amusing in the familiar Shavian fashion. But it is the third and last act which makes the play, for in it the veteran jester claims the privilege of his age, and turning to the audience which he has amused so often, he confesses in so many words the bitter despair of his heart. "I am," says the young man who has become the playwright's mouthpiece, "a preacher. But I am a preacher who has lost his faith, a preacher who no longer has anything to say. Mankind is plunging headlong to destruction, and I no longer believe that it can be saved. I talk because I have always talked and because it is the only thing I know how to do. But neither my talking nor anyone else's can possibly avail. I do not know what can be done, or even what could have been done. The Western world is damned beyond the possibility of salvation."

Now many men have said the same thing and adduced the same reasons. Shaw is not the first to believe either that the last war demonstrated the incompetence of the human race or that the next—and inevitable—war will execute that sentence which has already been pronounced. He is not the first to declare that civilization cannot endure without some one of those faiths which it has now rendered impossible, or the first to proclaim himself "an atheist who has lost his faith in atheism." Perhaps others have said this and all that goes with it more effectively than he does. Certainly his play as a play is childishly inconsequential, and perhaps only a dramatist already incipiently senile could have chosen, as he has, to write his "King Lear" in terms of a farce wholly irrelevant to the theme in hand. But things are sometimes important because of the person who says them. It is Bernard Shaw who is uttering these terrible commonplaces, and uttering them with a conviction unmistakably sincere. The drama is not in his play. The drama is in the gesture which the world's most accomplished playboy makes thus in taking what is quite possibly his eternal farewell to the stage he has trod so long.

Never before has Shaw spoken in his own person. All his characters may have been Bernard Shaw, but Bernard Shaw himself was a character, and whatever he said was said in character. No one ever knew what he really thought, because the Shavian philosophy was as much a part of that character as Mr. Chaplin's mustache is a part of "Charlie." And the most striking characteristic of this particular character was its almost inhuman glibness. He had an answer to every question and a remedy for every evil. The world, as he said over and over again, was really very simple. All one needed was sanity, and he was sane. Like the character in the present play, "I can ex-

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plain anything to anybody and I enjoy doing it." Even in the midst of the war the irrepressible Tanner "went on talking." The famous red beard grew gray, the straight vegetarian back held itself straight with a more and more obvious effort. But the fellow of infinite jest was still a fellow of infinite jest. If he had doubts he kept them to himself. The ready answer was always there, and Mephistopheles looked on with the serene amusement of a man who knows the answer. But doubts were growing, concealed from all the world except from Bernard Shaw himself, and Bernard Shaw is now too sad and too old to play the game any longer. The moment has come to cast aside the disguise which he has worn so long, and it is a dramatic unmasking. Yorick advances to the front of the stage. He removes his cap and bells in the sight of the world and he lays aside his bauble. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have played my role and I have played it well. I was a jester and I do not regret the fact. But I cannot take my farewell without making the confession which I am now about to make. I was wrong—not so wrong perhaps as those who opposed me—but wrong enough. My answers were only a little less inadequate than those of others. You have failed, I have failed, all of us have failed. Mankind is damned."

To my colleagues I shall leave the business of commenting in detail upon this and that defect of the play, or upon the expertness exhibited by Miss Beatrice Lillie in the somewhat ghastly business of injecting a little grotesque humor into the strange proceedings. To me it was not the feeble little play called "Too True to Be Good" that engaged my attention and left me deeply stirred. It was the drama of Bernard Shaw. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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FERNER NUHN contributed an essay, Art and Identity, to the last "American Caravan."

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